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[Le more de Granada]

THE

MOOR OF GRANADA

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THE MOOR OF GRANADA.

I.

THE PHYSICIAN OF BADAJOZ.

On 15th May, 1499, Mohammed-Hassan, the celebrated doctor of Badajoz, approached the city of Granada, once the stronghold of the Moslem empire. He gazed with deep emotion upon the scene which presented itself to him. The setting sun illumined with its rich golden and purple rays the snow-capped summits of the Sierras, which, although in reality, several leagues distant, appeared to overhang the city.

Between the city and the mountains, through green fields enameled with flowers, wound the Xenil, the beautiful river so famed in Moorish song. Groves of pomegranate, orange, and mulberry trees adorned

its banks and filled the air with their perfume. Nearer the walls flowed the Daro, adding to the surpassing loveliness of the scene. Granada was situated upon the declivity of two hills. Its enclosure, four leagues in circumference, was formed by walls constructed with regularity, intersected by one thousand and thirty fortified towers which served for ornament as well as defence.

Hassan, when in sight of the capital city of the Moorish kings, prostrated himself upon the ground, formerly the heritage of his ancestors. But upon beholding the cross of Christ triumphantly surmounting the towers of the city and the great mosque, which had been converted into a church, his tears flowed freely and his chest heaved.

"O shame! O misery!" he murmured, turning toward his guide, who contemplated him with an air of indifference—"Aseri-Kolo, I see for the first time, the cursed emblem of the Christians elevated above our monuments. How have you been able to support the deep humiliation?"

"God willed it!" replied Aseri-Kolo, with the resignation of the fatalist.

"Granada! Granada!" resumed Hassan, "where is thy former glory? What has become of thy golden minarets, thy noble edifices, thy glorious cavalcades, thy four hundred thousand inhabitants? How art thou degraded! The crescent no longer crowns thy battlements and the sons of the prophet have ceased to rule within thy walls!"

"Have you ever visited the city, Sidi?" asked the guide, with some curiosity.

"Only twice in the happy days of my childhood, but I remember it well. To-day, after an absence of more than fifty years, I recall the magnificence I witnessed in the royal city of my fathers. It was then in its meridian glory. Sad events have since transpired."

"And yet," observed Kolo, "the hand of the conqueror has not destroyed all its monuments."

"Do you know which still remain standing?"

"Yes, and if you desire it, I can point them out to you."

"You would do me a great favor: what-

ever relates to the illustrious metropolis embellished by the kings who held the sceptre during three hundred years, interests me deeply."

Aseri alighted from his horse and approached Hassan who had seated himself on the summit of a hill. The guide thus commenced:

"From this spot, you take in, at a glance, the four principal quarters of the city. That nearest us is called Granada; next beyond, you see Antequerrula, where the Moors, our ancestors, first established themselves when they came from Antequerra; on the left, is the Albaïcin; and on the right, the Alhambra, constructed by Mohammed Alainar for a royal residence as well as a fortress. There was no more beautiful residence in Europe, none better fortified. Its founder expended upon it fabulous treasures; his contemporaries attributed to him the power of transforming the baser metals into gold."

"Who resides in this palace at present?" enquired the old man.

"The governor appointed by the king

of Castile and Arragon," replied Aseri. "Look beyond, Sidi, and contemplate the Grand Mosque, now an infidel temple. Near it are the palaces of Mohammed-el-Zagal, the uncle of our last prince, and those of the Abencerrages and the Obermanlis, all, either abandoned or occupied by our conquerors."

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed Hassan; "tell me no more; these things are too painful."

The guide was silent.

After a few moments, Hassan added: "Has Zegri preserved in Granada the residence of his fathers?"

"His palace and nearly all his possessions have been left him."

"On what conditions, do you know?"

"I am entirely ignorant of them."

"Perhaps he has ignominiously submitted to the yoke of the conqueror."

"Sidi, you wrong Zegri by your suspicion; he is not a degenerate descendant of illustrious sires."

"How then, did he succeed in obtaining favors refused to so many others?"

"After having bravely defended the city, he took advantage of the terms of the treaty concluded upon the surrender of Granada. By this the liberty of remaining in their country was conceded to the conquered upon condition of a quiet obedience to the laws."

"Nevertheless," said Hassan, "all the principal Mussulmans have been expelled."

"True, but justice obliges us to acknowledge that the greater part violated their oaths, either by inciting revolts or transgressing the laws. Zegri, from some unaccountable motive, has kept himself aloof from all intrigues and has taken no part in public affairs."

"I thank you for the information you have given me," said the Moorish physician rising. "Kolo, we will continue our journey and enter the city."

The two travellers remounted their horses, and descended the hill undisturbed until they reached the gates of Granada, when they were stopped by the sentinels on guard. An officer advanced to meet them, and said to Hassan :

"Who are you?"

"My name is Mohammed-Hassan," replied the Moor.

"Whence do you come?"

"From Estramadura."

"Have you a passport?"

"Yes, here is the one furnished me by the Alcalde of Badajoz."

The officer glanced over the contents of the parchment of the stranger presented to him, and said:

"You are a physician, Señor?"

"That is my profession."

"It is an honorable one and deserves respect. You and your guide, who is known to me, may enter."

The Moor expressed his thanks by placing his hand upon his heart, and passed through the gate with Aseri. The two Mussulmans found themselves in the quarter of Antequerrula, the most ancient of all and composed of small houses of peculiar architecture. The architectural taste and knowledge of the Saracen conquerors have been frequently the subject of warm discussion, some extolling the Moors, and others con-

demning them for their profound ignorance. However this may be decided, it is certain, that with the exception of a few buildings, the Arabians left no remarkable monuments; they even destroyed many that were beautiful.

Although the Alhambra deserves its reputation, Granada falls far below the descriptions given of it by Moorish writers who drew largely upon their imagination. It is difficult to imagine a city more badly built. Its extremely narrow streets owed any cleanliness they might have to their great declivity; its high houses were entirely constructed of wood and without regard to beauty.

It is true the inhabitants, who spent large portions of their time on the galleries of the houses, were compensated for such inconveniences by the incomparable loveliness of the scenery, the perpetual serenity of the skies and the mildness of the climate.

The Mosques of Granada, irregular and destitute of grace, were likewise proofs of a complete ignorance of art. The longest,

previous to its conversion into a church by Ferdinand and Isabella, shocked the eye by its faulty proportions.

Mohammed-Hassan passed through the streets without noticing these details. Pre-occupied by serious thoughts, he cast down his eyes and remained silent. He approached the Moslem cemetery, a vast field crossed by numerous walks, and interspersed with thickets of oderiferous trees.

The dead of the populous city reposed amid this verdure. Flocks of doves and other birds dwelt in the branches of the groves consecrated to the sleep of death. A change, however, was slowly being made, for the land was being enclosed in order to transform it into a Christian place of burial; already, at intervals, might be seen crosses marking newly dug graves.

Aseri-Kolo roused his companion from his revery in order to call his attention to this part of the city. Hassan shuddered at the sight of this field of death.

"Is this," he said, "the cemetery of Antequerrula?"

"Yes."

"In this, then," replied the old man, "my ancestors repose."

He was about to enter, but on perceiving the crosses, he turned away and quickened his steps.

"Are you descended, Sidi, from one of the old families of this quarter?" enquired the guide.

"My ancestors lived here."

"What! are you of the family of the Hassan-el-Abulmedar who were so renowned for their skill in healing all diseases, and whose fame has reached even to the present time?"

"I belong to that illustrious race, and I have piously preserved and studied the secrets of the art which they bequeathed to me."

"You have received, Sidi, a noble inheritance."

"Medical science has always been greatly honored among our people. The most valiant warriors have not disdained to add the knowledge of the art of healing to that of arms."

"What you say is very true."

"Why did your family leave Granada, where they were held in the highest estimation?"

"The city itself was the cause. One of your princes persecuted my ancestors and banished them from the kingdom. They took refuge in Badajoz, where they were received with generous hospitality. They settled in this noble city which has since been conquered by the Christian arms."

"I think that I have heard of the circumstance to which you refer."

"A king of Granada," continued Hassan, "rid himself by poison of a brother who had offended him, and he imputed the crime to my ancestor, who attended the prince during his short illness. Himself and his eldest son were put to death, and his other children were banished."

This narrative interested Kolo who was on the point of still further interrogating the Moorish physician; but the latter interrupted him by pointing to a Mussulman of about forty years of age who was passing. This person, dressed in white cloth, with sandals fastened by leathern straps, and wear-

ing a light turban on his head, walked slowly with a serious and recollected air; he muttered some unintelligible words, whilst he held in his hand an amber chaplet of ninety-nine beads collected near Mecca.

"Who is that man?" asked Hassan.

"Blessed be Allah!" replied Aseri; "it is Zulphi, the holy dervish of Granada. We are fortunate, Sidi, in having met him immediately upon our arrival, for the protection of Allah is upon him."

"However," said the Moor, "there is a man who is of a different opinion," and he pointed to another Mussulman who passed Zulphi with a disdainful air.

"That one is Ben-Zohra, the most learned of our Morabites. Every one knows that he is no friend to Zulphi; but the spirit of evil is powerful and the pride of learning is indomitable."

Hassan smiled, and added:

"The holy dervish does not appear to be proof against the attacks of pride. Look, Kolo, he returns the disdainful glance of the white headed old man by one of hate,

and he has dropped his chaplet and ceased his prayers."

In reality, Zulphi, convulsed by rage, advanced towards Ben-Zohra, but both men perceiving that they were not alone but were remarked by strangers, turned away and walked off in opposite directions.

Mohammed-Hassan and Aseri-Kolo soon entered a more elegant and newer street than those they had traversed. The guide stopped his horse and said:

"I promised, Sidi, to conduct you to the quarter called Granada; here it is."

"I am pleased to have reached it, and I thank you for your kindness."

"I am glad to have given you satisfaction."

"Before leaving me, point out to me the palace of Zegri."

"You can see it from this spot; it stands on the square to which this street leads."

"That suffices."

The physician generously recompensed Aseri-Kolo and dismissed him.

II.

AMARA.

THE sun was sinking below the horizon as Mohammed-Hassan entered the square upon which was situated the palace of Zegri. Although this vast edifice had none of the grace or lightness which is usually associated with the idea of Moorish edifices, yet it was not destitute of grandeur, and the eye rested with pleasure upon its pavilions, gardens, fountains, and groves.

As the physician of Badajoz contemplated with admiration this princely abode, a numerous cortege was standing before the grand entrance. First, appeared about twenty African slaves, each holding the bridle of a magnificent courser covered with long trappings of gold and silver cloth. Ranged behind these horses, were others of less value,

and mules which were fitted for long journeys over the mountains. Grooms, in whose veins mingled Spanish and Moorish blood, were busy loading the animals with provisions of every kind. Beyond these there was a still more brilliant group. Those who composed it wore rich turbans; *albornoz* of fine silk, trimmed with gold fringe, fell gracefully over their shoulders; vests and pantaloons of bright scarlet embroidered in gold completed their magnificent attire; from their girdles hung cimeters, the hilts of which were inlaid with diamonds of great value.

Hassan, having attentively considered this group, appeared to recognize the most important personage, the one who was evidently the object of respect to all who surrounded him.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken," thought the physician, "there is Zegri."

As he said these words, he approached the cavaliers whom we have just described. Mohammed-Hassan had seen Zegri only once in his life, and when he was quite young. The features of the illustrious Moor had undoubtedly changed, but every Spanish

Mussulman was familiar with the appearance as well as the noble deeds of Zegri, and no one of them would have failed to recognize him.

According to contemporary writers, he was tall, well-proportioned, intellectual, with a manly and attractive countenance, elegant and affable manners. All knew that this renowned noble was a lineal descendant of Aben-Hamar, King of Granada, and that he was the last of the line. He was the acknowledged chief of those who still remained in Granada claiming alliance with that royal race.

His influence among the Moors equaled his illustrious birth. He possessed brilliant qualities, but he was particularly noted for his valor, of which he had given striking proofs on many occasions.

The physician of Badajoz was not attired in a manner to attract attention. His clothing was of the simplest kind; suspended at his girdle was a bag containing medicinal herbs, and neither his appearance nor costume was such as to secure for him any consideration. He had, therefore, some difficulty in making

his way through the crowd which obstructed the entrance to the palace.

But Zegri, always accessible to Mussulmans, no sooner perceived a stranger than, having ordered the path to be cleared, he advanced to meet him.

Hardly had he recognized him than his features became radiant with joy, and he exclaimed:

"Mohammed-Hassan, you are welcome!"

At the same time he opened his arms and embraced the traveller with every mark of affection.

"What happiness you give me!" he added; "may Allah and his prophets reward you!"

"Could I refuse your request, illustrious prince?" replied the physician.

Whilst this conversation was going on the Moors who surrounded the speakers regarded Hassan with mingled astonishment and respect.

"What!" they exclaimed, whilst contemplating the simple exterior of the visitor, "ean that be the renowned physician of Badajoz, the man inspired by Allah, who

heals the most obstinate diseases, and whose reputation fills the whole world? Who could imagine that so lofty an intellect could be united to so great modesty!"

"How fortunate Zegri is," resumed others, "to have with him this prince of medicine!"

The descendant of the kings of Granada continued to converse with Hassan.

"You delayed coming so long, my friend, that I had almost lost the hope of seeing you."

"Badajoz is at a long distance from Granada," the physician answered. "Ninety leagues across mountains is not a journey that can be accomplished in a day. Only seven days have passed since I received your message. Notwithstanding my numerous occupations, my infirmities and my age, I did not hesitate to set off immediately."

"You have acted nobly and generously, and all my wealth would not suffice to requite you for such sacrifices. You will pardon my intense anxiety."

"You seem oppressed by sorrow, Zegri, and yet your health appears unimpaired; so

does that of the vigorous young man at your side, whom I supppse to be your son. Why did you send for me?"

"Ah! would to Allah that it were myself who required your services!"

"What can be the matter?"

"Were you not informed by the servant whom I despatched for you?"

"He gave me no particulars whatever."

"Strange! he was aware of all."

"He travelled with such speed, that upon his arrival he was exhausted by fatigue; he could only tell me that your need of me was most urgent. I departed immediately, leaving him very ill, and I did not delay to make any inquiries."

"I was on the point of sending my son Merwan for you. This will account to you for the preparations you see now being made."

"Who is to be my patient: your eldest son or your daughter?"

"My son Hamar and my daughter Boabdilla are both in the enjoyment of good health. I will conduct you to one who is dearer to me than all others. Come, and lose no more time."

Hassan in vain endeavored to divine of whom Zegri was speaking. He knew that the wife of the Moorish prince had been dead several years, that he was inconsolable for her loss and that he had persisted in refusing to marry again. Zegri was now sixty years of age.

The physician followed in silence: the prince passed through galleries and magnificent halls in conducting him to the left wing of the palace. On reaching this he showed him into an apartment more sumptuous than any that he had yet seen. The room into which the old man entered covered the entire width of the main body of the building, and its location was incomparable. On three sides were windows whence could be seen the summit of the sierra and the city of Granada, from which the palace was separated by extensive gardens traversed by a branch of the Daro, whose waters glittered in vast reservoirs and spouted from numerous fountains. On the other side appeared flowery meadows and the green banks of the Xenil. A dim twilight obscured the cham-

ber, the air of which was loaded with perfumes.

It was furnished with unparalleled luxury; pillars of white marble supported the ceilings and formed the casings of the windows and doors; the walls were of polished stone and tastefully adorned; the richest carpeting covered the floor; wherever the eye turned, it rested on gold, silver or some precious wood. At the end of the rooms, under a canopy supported by porphyry columns, was placed a bed upon which lay a young girl not twenty years of age, emaciated by disease and burning with fever. Around her were thirty African women; some chanted low and mournful melodies, accompanying the voice with instruments of music; others burned perfumes in golden vessels; four women waved great fans in cadence with the music. As may be imagined the atmosphere was heavy and overpowering, and a sense of oppression was felt immediately upon entering the apartment. The patient instead of experiencing relief appeared fatigued with the attentions lavished upon her. Hassan took all this in at a glance. Zegri led him to

the bed and made a sign to the musicians to cease. The Moor perceived near the young girl two physicians, who were regarding her attentively and anxiously. At the head of the bed was a young girl of about twenty years of age and of wonderful beauty; she resembled Zegri both in features and in her noble and dignified mien.

It was Boabdilla, the daughter of the Moorish prince; she was bestowing every care which affection could suggest upon her who seemed the object of the common solicitude.

Zegri bent tenderly over the sick girl and said:

"Amara, I bring with me Hassan, the famous physician of Badajoz; he will cure you."

At the mention of the name of the celebrated Moor, Boabdilla testified great joy; the two physicians bowed in the most respectful manner, although they illy concealed their jealousy; all present gave evidence of intense delight. The patient languidly opened her eyes, looked at the stranger and endeavored to raise her head;

but her strength was unequal to the exertion and she fell back upon her pillows.

"Alas!" exclaimed Zegri, "she is dying."

Then addressing Hassan, he said:

"Use all the resources of your art; but perhaps I have called you too late, and your incomparable skill may not avail to save her life."

The physician made no reply. He took Amara's hand and felt her pulse, which he found weak and irregular. Reflecting a moment, he drew from his bag a small phial, opened it, and poured upon the lips of the young girl six drops of a liquid which seemed to revive her. For a long time and in silence, he examined her case; the spectators, without speaking, followed every movement of the famous doctor.

At last Hassan turned towards Zegri with a grave and solemn manner, as though he were accomplishing a sacred rite, and said:

"Command the women who were singing to leave the room."

Zegri immediately followed his directions.

"Send away also those who are burning perfumes, and using the fans; their services are not needed."

Again the master of the house obeyed the physician.

Then Hassan cast a meaning look on the two physicians of Granada. Zegri comprehended the wish of the old man, and approaching the doctors he whispered a word to them, and they also left, muttering their dissatisfaction.

In the mean time Boabdilla fixed her beautiful eyes in supplication upon her father; the noble girl feared that she too would be dismissed. Zegri understood her look of anxiety and asked the physician:

"May my daughter remain?"

"Certainly; her presence will do no harm. Besides, is she not Amara's nurse?"

"She has not left her bedside for an instant since the disease first developed itself."

"It is to her care and yours that this young girl owes her life."

"Is she in great danger?"

"Yes; I will not deceive you, and—"

Hassan stopped abruptly; his eye had just rested on a man covered by a long white mantle who was crouched in the corner and was muttering prayers. The dim light prevented him from distinguishing the features.

"Who is that?" asked the doctor in a low voice.

"He is a dervish named Zulphi, an inmate of my house, who is here the greater part of the day."

"What is he doing now?"

"He is imploring Allah to cure my daughter."

"I did not perceive him when I entered."

"He had left the room, and I suppose he returned without attracting attention."

And as Hassan regarded the dervish with an expression of ill-humor, Zegri hastened to add:

"This holy Mussulman is devoted to my family; I should be sorry to pain him."

The old man understood that the Moorish prince was under the influence of Zulphi, and that he reposed as much confidence in

the prayers of this devotee as in the skill of the physician. Although he was not of the same opinion, he replied that the dervish might remain and continue his prayers, provided that he did so without noise.

Drawing Zegri aside, Hassan resumed:

"I think I know the nature of Amara's malady."

"Are you here in time to combat it successfully?"

"I hope so."

"May Allah help you!"

"Before I apply remedies, give me the particulars of the commencement of her malady."

"A few months ago," said Zegri, "Amara was in the full vigor of health. One evening she was attacked by an epidemic fever which is common in this climate in early spring. We considered her indisposition very slight; but as she grew worse I called in the best physicians of Granada; their remedies were unavailing. Her condition became daily more alarming and we soon despaired of her life. Then I thought of you; and even whilst fearing a refusal, I

sent one of my most faithful followers to beg you to come. When you arrived we considered Amara almost in the agonies of death."

"The fever which consumes Amara," replied the old man, "is the most dangerous that I know; it was brought from Africa into Spain."

"Save my child, Mohammed," said Zegri; "you know not how dear she is to me."

"I will do my best."

"Promise me that you will cure her."

"I possess many valuable secrets of the art, my inheritance from my ancestors."

"You must heal her," persisted the Moorish prince, "were she to die I would never be consoled."

"Allah is great," murmured Hassan, "have confidence and be calm."

"Restore her to life and health, and I will gladly sacrifice all my wealth; even my own life would I give for hers. I offer you all my possessions in return for the service I expect at your hands."

"You love her then with deep affection?"

said the physician, much astonished by what he heard.

"How could I help loving her? No living being surpasses her in nobility of soul."

"And yet she is not of your race."

"She is the daughter of my heart. Boabdilla knows that Amara deserves the extraordinary affection which I bear her."

"What is the tie that binds you to her?" enquired Hassan, with increasing surprise.

"I cherish Amara because of her misfortunes. Besides, her person is sacred in my eyes. You could not conceive the affliction her death would cause in my palace, indeed, throughout the city; how many hearts would be bowed down by sorrow, and what a fearful responsibility would rest upon me."

"Amara is very young to have endured so much suffering."

"What I tell is the actual truth. She is the victim of terrible calamities."

During the whole of this conversation Zegri kept his eyes fixed on Amara. Suddenly he started, and springing towards the bed he exclaimed:

"Make haste, Hassan, she is fainting, she is dying."

The Moorish prince raised the head of the young girl and endeavored to restore her to animation.

Boabdilla, weeping bitterly, exerted herself in like manner.

The physician of Badajoz approached, preserving a perfect composure, pushed aside Zegri and his daughter, gave a few drops of his elixir to the patient, who in a short time recovered her senses. Then turning to the master of the palace, he said:

"Have you a room removed from all external sounds?"

"Yes."

"Order Amara to be taken to it and forbid all but Boabdilla to enter it."

The commands of the physician were immediately executed. Zegri and his daughter, leaving the dervish to his prayers, accompanied Amara.

Hassan directed the windows to be closed in order to secure complete quiet. He administered another dose of his elixir to

the young girl, and pronounced her free from immediate danger.

He retired with Zegri to prepare a potion, and Boabdilla remained alone with Amara. She seated herself on a pile of cushions, and fixed her eyes anxiously upon the young girl who seemed in an unquiet sleep.

The daughter of Zegri, eager to carry out exactly the directions of Hassan, scarcely dared to move or breathe, so fearful was she of making the least noise.

Whilst she was thus watching with pious solicitude, the door of the room was opened gently, and in the opening stood a man of lofty stature and dark complexion, in whose features appeared a manly beauty and a winning gentleness.

This person, who was, at least, thirty-five years of age, was enveloped in an ample *albornoz*, but his arms being crossed upon his breast, slightly opened the mantle and exposed to view the serge gown and the hempen girdle of a Franciscan friar.

He remained motionless on the threshold until Boabdilla made him a sign to enter,

and with a light step he approached the bed of the young girl and bent over her with an air of tender compassion.

"She sleeps," said Boabdilla, in a low voice; "make no noise—the great physician from Badajoz has arrived."

"What has he prescribed?"

"The most entire silence in her room."

"What does he think of her case?"

"We hope he will save her."

"Poor child!" said the religious; "Hassan will restore the body to health, but what can he do for the soul?"

"Hamar, I implore you speak not of religion to her to-day."

"She always listens attentively and patiently to me."

"I acknowledge it, but these conversations fatigue her."

"Ah! if she believed, she would derive from the faith a consolation and peace which naught else in the world could bestow."

"The religion of which you speak would have no power to restore her to health."

"The God whom you both reject holds in

His hands the destinies of mankind; He has often worked miracles in favor of those who adore Him."

Boabdilla looked incredulous. Hamar added:

"However that may be, of what value is the health of the body compared to that of the soul? Sister, reject no longer the inspirations of Heaven, but receive the Gospel which I announce to you."

The friar expressed himself with warmth, and his ardent conviction appeared to make some impression upon the young girl, who remained a few moments plunged in deep thought. At last she raised her head and said in a resolute manner:

"No, brother, I cannot abandon the worship of my fathers."

"You must admit the excellence of a doctrine which brought conviction to one so devoted a follower of the prophet as myself."

"Leave me, Hamar, leave me," exclaimed Boabdilla, with energy.

"Do my words displease you?"

"They always disturb my soul."

"Because they are dictated by truth."

"Your efforts are vain. Never will I have the courage to deny the faith of my race, and afflict the heart of my father, still deeply wounded by your defection."

"Boabdilla, Boabdilla," sighed the Franciscan, "when will you be more generous?"

At this moment, Amara, rousing from her stupor, moved, and opening her eyes she saw Hamar. A joyful smile illumined her face, and she said in a touching tone:

"You here!"

Even this exertion was too much for her and she stopped, exhausted. After a pause she resumed in a feeble voice:

"Hamar, I feel that my end is near. I thank you for coming; I see you for the last time."

"Ah! Amara, if you will it you may be happy for all eternity."

"Did not the prophet promise happiness to the true believer?"

"Mohammed in his paradise, reserves only a state of slavery for women; my God grants them pure and incomparable felicity."

"Perhaps your faith *is* the true one."

"Do not doubt it."

"But how painful the sacrifice to abjure, at death, the religion of my ancestors."

"The sacrifice will be sweet; accomplish it without fear."

Amara made a gesture of refusal. Hamar would have insisted, but steps were heard in the adjoining hall.

"There is my father and the physician of Badajoz," said Boabdilla, rising quickly. "Brother, go before they enter. Zegri must not find you here; you well know how you have irritated him."

"I go," said Hamar; "but I know not when I can return. Amara," he added, "I will pray the God of the Christians to enlighten your mind, to touch your heart with the love of His holy law and to withdraw you from the path of error."

The brother of Boabdilla, the eldest son of Zegri, wept as he pronounced these words. He retired slowly, lifted the hangings of the wall and departed by a secret passage.

He had scarcely left the room, when

Zegri and Hassan entered. The old man of Badajoz brought with him a powerful potion carefully prepared, administered it to the patient and anxiously watched its effect. It caused a violent convulsion which terrified Zegri and Boabdilla: Hassan was far from being calm, and his countenance betrayed his deep anxiety. At last, Amara became quiet, and the color returned to her cheeks.

"Now," said the physician, "I answer for her life, I can save her."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Zegri, overwhelmed with joy. "Is the danger over?"

"I am certain of it," answered Hassan.

"Thanks, thanks a thousand times," said the Moorish prince in a transport of delight; "hereafter, all I have is yours—you have rendered me a priceless service."

"I am sufficiently recompensed," said the old man, "by the happiness of having saved a human life and obliged the descendant of the benefactors of my family. Your friendship, Zegri, is worth more to me than all your treasures."

Boabdilla manifested as much delight as her father. The noble girl could find no words to express her deep gratitude to the renowned physician of Badajoz.

Hassan again insisted that the patient should be kept perfectly quiet, and then withdrew to prepare other potions, that he might complete the cure so successfully commenced.

The wonderful science of the old man rescued Amara, in a few days, from the death which had menaced her. However by Hassan's order, no one but Boabdilla was, as yet, permitted to approach her. Zulphi was refused admittance to her room, and Hamar did not revisit her. She improved daily and her strength began to return.

At the end of a week the physician said to Zegri:

"I am no longer of use here; to restore Amara to perfect health, we must employ other remedies than medicine."

"What do you advise?"

"She requires a more bracing air, such as is found in the mountains. By remaining

in Granada she runs the risk of falling into her former condition."

"Where shall I take her?"

"Were it not for the distance, I would suggest the environs of Badajoz."

"Is not the climate of Granada renowned for being the most salubrious in all Spain?"

"I admit it. Our ancestors were accustomed to send hither patients from every part of the Peninsula. Still, Badajoz suits better certain constitutions. Our Arabian forefathers called it "*Belledaix*"—the "*healthy country*," whence we derive the name Badajoz."

"I possess in the Alpuxarras," said Zegri, "near Pulchena, an estate situated very much like Badajoz; could not Amara advantageously pass there the time of her convalescence?"

"Certainly."

"I will myself accompany her, and we will set out day after to-morrow."

"You have decided prudently."

"You think that she will recover?"

"Entirely. In five months Amara will experience no bad effects from her illness."

III.

THE ALBAÏCIN.

PREPARATIONS were being made for Amara's departure, as had been agreed upon between Zegri and the physician of Badajoz. The Moorish prince contemplated taking with him his son, Merwan, and Boabdilla. He urged Hassan so strongly to accompany him, that at last he yielded to the solicitations of his friend. The day previous to that appointed for their journey Zegri, simply attired, left his palace with Merwan. He invited Hassan to accompany them. Zulphi followed a few steps behind, telling the beads of his amber chaplet according to his custom. After a rather extended walk, the four entered the Albaïcin, one of the four divisions of the city.

The different quarters of Granada are very unlike; they were divided as though they were so many distinct cities. Walls and towers encircled them, and they communicated with each other by gates. The Albaïcin, the most frequented quarter, contained five thousand houses and a large number of residents. The whole city counted seventy thousand houses and three hundred thousand inhabitants. Under the Moorish domination, it numbered more than four hundred thousand. The Albaïcin was the residence of nearly all the fakirs, lawyers and learned men.

As Zegri and his companions entered this quarter a Moor, richly clad, who had been standing near the gate, left it and walked in advance of the visitors. He was evidently interested in them, for he turned from time to time to notice their movements, and he seemed desirous not to lose sight of them.

Having arrived at a house somewhat removed from those in the vicinity, Zegri stopped and said to his companions:

"We will enter here."

Then approaching Hassan he whispered to him:

"We are about to be present at an important meeting which will interest you."

"Of what nature is it?"

"The Moors of Granada have, for some time, been forming a plot against our conquerors."

"What is their intention?"

"To cause a revolt among the people to drive away the Spaniards and re-establish the reign of Islamism."

"It is a serious affair."

"Certainly. The conspiracy, which has been conducted with the most profound secrecy, has been so matured that it will soon be carried into effect. Do you blame us?"

"Not at all. It is a holy undertaking which I approve with all my heart. You are, I suppose, the leader."

"No."

"You astonish me."

"Why so?"

"Because your name would have weight to rally partisans and obtain accomplices."

"I was requested to direct the affair, but I refused."

"You should have consented."

"I was willing only to be initiated."

"Do you fear failure?"

"Success is possible. When the people rise, I shall draw my sword from its scabbard and combat openly."

"I cannot understand by what motive you were governed in objecting to be the leader."

"I felt obliged to imitate the example of my ancestors, who never acted as chiefs in such affairs."

"Why then, do you intend to be present to-day at the meeting?"

"I have sometimes attended the sittings of the conspirators who are encouraged by my approval. I desire now to take leave of them and inform them of the cause of my absence. I would regret to have them put a wrong construction on my departure from Granada at this time."

Zegri having opened the door, introduced his companions into a large hall already

occupied by fakirs, Moors of distinction and tradesmen. As Zegri entered, all arose. Zulphi took his place among his brethren, and the Moorish prince presented Hassan to the chiefs of the assembly, some of whom were acquainted with the celebrated physician by reputation. A murmur of admiration greeted the old man, who was invited to join the conspiracy.

Mohammed-Hassan, imitating the wise reserve of his friend, excused himself, alleging his occupations and the necessity of leaving Granada, adding however, that if the Mussulmans arose in arms he would not delay to join them.

Zegri having announced his intended departure from Granada to the conspirators, took leave of them, after assuring them that his aid should not fail them when the occasion required it.

The man who had preceded them upon their entrance into the Albaïcin, had stationed himself before a shop, pretending to examine the wares exhibited in the window; he was in reality closely watching the house in which the conspirators were assembled.

Neither the Moorish prince nor his companions had noticed him. Zegri, having walked a short distance, stopped suddenly and said to Hassan :

" I have some business to attend to in the city before my departure ; will you accompany me, or would you prefer examining this quarter of Granada ? Zulphi will be your guide ; having lived for a long time in this vicinity, he knows well what might interest you."

" I would be much pleased," replied the old man, " to visit the Albaïcin, and I thank you for your kindness."

Leaving the prince with his son, Merwan, Hassan walked away with the dervish. The physician availed himself of the opportunity to obtain some information concerning the conspiracy. The devout Mussulman gave him all the details, adding that it had spread throughout the portions of Spain formerly possessed by the Arabs, and the leaders were in communication with the Moors of Africa.

" What will you do in case of success ? " inquired the old man.

"We shall re-establish the kingdom of Granada."

"To whom do you destine the crown?"

"To Zegri."

"What is the reason of this choice?"

"He is the most illustrious and respected of the Moorish princes; besides, he is not committed to any party, which is, of itself an immense advantage, for our ruin was owing to the dissensions of our chiefs."

"The plan is excellent," said Hassan, "but are you all of the same opinion?"

"The fakirs and the dervishes will unanimously proclaim Zegri; and as their influence over the Moors is unbounded, I have no doubt of the success of our plans."

"Zegri is, indeed, the man fitted in every respect for the restoration of the kingdom; learned as well as brave, he possesses, moreover, an upright and firm character."

"What you say is true. Granada will be flourishing, and the people happy under his reign."

This conversation, which had been carried on in a low tone, was interrupted by the crowd. The physician and the dervish had

reached the great square, and Hassan halted to contemplate a singular spectacle which had already attracted quite a crowd.

A man of lofty stature, with coarse features and wild looks, had climbed upon the edge of the fountain. His long black hair fell in disorder over his shoulders. His head was covered by a skull cap of shabby black velvet, from which hung several black-and-white feathers, covering his brow, which was contracted by an habitual frown. A cloak, once scarlet, now of a dingy red and ragged from age, was thrown around him. Tight breeches, brown stockings with yellow stripes completed his costume.

He held in his hand a broken rapier, talked and gesticulated like a madman, exciting the laughter and hooting of the crowd.

"Who is that grotesque individual?" demanded Hassan of Zulphi.

"Listen to him a moment," answered the dervish, "and you will know."

Hassan advanced towards the fountain with some curiosity. The singular individual was declaiming like one possessed; he

apostrophized a man opposite to him of Spanish and Moorish descent.

"Traitor," he exclaimed, "restore me the kingdom which you have stolen from me."

The laughter which this ridiculous speech excited roused him to frenzy, and he added in a furious tone:

"You may laugh, but some day I will have you strangled or torn to pieces by horses."

"Perhaps you will be the first to be strangled or quartered," called out one of the crowd.

"Wretches! do you dare to threaten the King of Castile and Arragon?" roared the madman.

Then bowing his head, he said, in a sad tone:

"You insult me because I am now plunged in misfortune and despoiled of everything. But when I recover my possessions I shall know how to distinguish those who abuse me, and I shall treat them according to their merits."

"What will you give me who have always defended you from your persecutors?" in-

quired a colossal and half naked negro, seated on the pavement near the fountain.

"I will bestow on you, my brave Soliman," replied the ranter, turning towards the facetious African, "the first place in my kingdom; your office shall be to execute the great work of justice, to behead and hang rascals."

"Much obliged, prince," said the negro, with a grimace.

"Do these duties displease you?"

"I do not say so; but I would prefer anything else."

"Tell me what you would like?"

"I place myself at the disposal of your most clement majesty, to assign me a less eniment position. I do not aspire to the honor of being prime minister."

"No other person, however would be as well suited to this employment. You are the most vigorous and muscular man in Spain."

"Rather make him your chief baker" cried a voice, "the handling of the flour might whiten his skin."

This gross sally was received with a gen-

eral hilarity. The negro Soliman was stung to the quick; with flashing eyes, contracted brow, swollen neck and closed fists he confronted the crowd. He resembled an infuriated bull.

Those who were nearest to him prudently retired. Attention again reverted to the speaker who was violently gesticulating.

"Soliman, willing or unwilling, you shall be my executioner. Such is my will. Without an executioner how could justice be administered on earth?"

The negro growled some threatening words. At this moment another person presented himself to the notice of the man with the rapier.

Aseri-Kolo, whom Hassan had perceived among the multitude, finding that Soliman was silent, said:

"You forget me, Señor Cannamarès?"

"Who are you?"

"Do you not remember that I have three times been your guide?"

"Yes, yes."

"Will you not bestow some favor on me when you re-ascend your throne?"

"Aseri-Kolo," replied Cannamarès, in a solemn tone, "because of your good and loyal services, I make you, from to-day, chevalier of the order of Alcantara, and commandeur of the order of Calatrara. Besides, I appoint you grand master of ceremonies at my court."

The crowd received this promotion with an immense burst of laughter.

"And we," demanded two Moors near Cannamarès, "are we to remain in the obscurity into which ill fortune has precipitated us?"

"By what title do you solicit our favor?"

"We are the unfortunate descendants of King Boabdil. Ferdinand and Isabella, the two usurpers, have deprived us of our royal heritage."

Cannamarès looked at them compassionately, and raising his voice to a higher pitch he cried:

"You are, like myself, among the oppressed, the victims of usurpation. Have patience; as soon as the crown encircles my brow you shall have justice."

The Moors made a profound obeisance, as if in grateful acknowledgment.

Cannamarès, addressing himself to the guide, added: "Aseri-Kolo, when these illustrious personages present themselves at our palace of Seville or Toledo, be careful to salute them as kings of Granada; for such they really are, and I shall not delay to place them in possession of their kingdom."

"Bravo! Allah is great!" cried the Mussulmans, who composed a large part of the assembly. A Moor added:

"Señor Cannamarès, I wish to ask you a question; have I your majesty's permission?"

"I am listening. Speak."

"What will you do with Ferdinand and Isabella when you recover the throne they have usurped?"

"They shall suffer the fate reserved for traitors."

"You will deliver them to the executioner?"

"Assuredly, since they are guilty of felony."

Applause burst forth among the infidels;

and the names of Ferdinand and Isabella were mingled with the imprecations of the multitude. Exclamations such as: "Death to the king!" "Down with the cross!" were vehemently reiterated, when a platoon of soldiers in charge of an officer appeared on the scene.

At the sight of the soldiers, the Mohammedans dispersed in every direction, muttering maledictions. The negro, Soliman, casting aside all rancor, seized Cannamarès, who continued to claim the crowns of Castile and Leon, and carried him off on his robust shoulders.

The physician of Badajoz and Zulphi pursued their walk, and Hassan inquired of his companion, "Who is this man?"

"Do you not suspect?"

"He appears very strange to me; if I am not deceived, I should say he was half crazy."

"Sidi, Cannamarès is entirely crazy; in his insanity he imagines himself to be legitimate sovereign of Castile, Leon and Arragon, and the actual masters of these kingdoms to be usurpers."

"Mysterious aberration of the human intellect!" the old man sadly sighed.

Again addressing the dervish:

"Do you know him?"

"Very little."

"Does he reside in this quarter?"

"He has uttered here his insane nonsense only during the past week."

"I am astonished that the Spaniards permit him to harangue in the public squares, and to speak in such terms of their sovereigns."

"Do you not perceive that, even in the wandering of his mind, he is not entirely devoid of prudence? He knows that the police of Granada are not well organized, and that he runs very little danger. But, listen."

"What is the matter?"

"Do you not hear a great tumult in the neighboring street—to the right?"

"An affray appears to be going on."

The two Moors turned to the side indicated by Zulphi, and they saw a mob advancing towards them with furious cries.

"What is the matter?" inquired the physician.

"The soldiers have found Cannamarès and are trying to seize him."

"They will treat him badly."

"You need not fear that."

"However" . . .

"They will not succeed in carrying him to prison; the true believers will defend him."

"What interest have they in protecting a Christian?"

"Although Cannamarès is an Arragonian peasant he has Moorish blood in his veins. Besides, you know the prophet recommends great respect for the insane; they are, he teaches, the inspired of Allah, and the predestined of paradise."

The physician and the dervish stopped to see what was going on.

The royal soldiers had Cannamarès in custody and were trying to retain him; but the madman, with inflamed countenance, bloodshot eyes, and foaming mouth, furiously resisted; and the incensed mob rushed upon the troop, saying:

"Let the elect of Allah alone, dogs that you are, and respect the man upon whom the spirit of Mohammed reposes."

The Spaniards were hard pressed. The fakirs and Morabites appeared at the head of the Moors, who roused to a still greater degree the fanaticism of the crowd by their excited language.

The negro Soliman, first in the rank of Cannamarès' defenders, distributed right and left blows that would have felled an ox. The soldiers were already yielding to the attack of the populace when a re-enforcement came to their assistance.

The Moors, instead of retreating, fell with such impetuosity upon the Spaniards that they broke the ranks of the small troop. The negro, driving off several men around the madman, caught him in his arms, placed him astride his shoulders, and fled so rapidly with his burthen that it was impossible for the royal soldiers to follow him.

The Moors upon the deliverance of Cannamarès, gave three shouts of joy in honor of Soliman, and immediately dispersed.

Hassan and his companion entered the El-Ramaroun Street which was the narrowest, and least reputable in the Albaïcin. The inhabitants were almost entirely composed of

Moors; their occupations were equivocal, and they had barely a daily subsistence. The noise of the affray had not penetrated this point of the quarter. The shopkeepers, squatted on mats before their stalls, gossipped together, awaiting customers. In this street the physician of Badajoz and his companion met two men, in one of whom Hassan recognized the Morabite who hated Zulphi. The dervish could not restrain himself, and addressed his enemy insultingly:

"Shall I always meet you, cursed reptile?"

Ben-Zohra, impassible, looked at Zulphi, and made no answer.

"Did you, too, meditate betraying the faith of your ancestors?" bitterly continued the dervish, exasperated by the calmness of his adversary.

"Perhaps you will betray it before I do," disdainfully answered Ben-Zohra.

"You ridicule our profession."

"Take care; Allah is just, and he punishes those who insult gray hairs."

"Facts proclaim the truth of my words."

"What are they?"

"You associate with a renegade."

"I can no more abandon my friends than my religion. Is it a crime to be faithful to old friendships?"

"Wretch! people point at you as you pass through the streets of Granada."

"I have not perceived it."

"Because you are blind."

"What evil have I done?"

"You ask that, and you live in the society of infidels?"

"I have nothing to fear; my virtue is proof against every attack."

"Presumptuous man! it will not be long before we shall see you making the cursed sign of the cross."

"Who will compel me to do so?"

"Many stronger than you have been perverted by the contagion of example."

"One is not easily seduced at my age."

"Do you dare to adduce your age in your defence?"

"Why not?"

"Was not the man who now accompanies you and whom you are not ashamed to call

a friend, old like yourself when he deserted our faith?"

"If I desire to bring him under the banner of the prophet, must I not associate with him?"

"You convert him!" said Zulphi, with a loud laugh; "ought you not to have first prevented him from falling?"

"I will no longer lose time in listening to you nor in refuting your malicious accusations," replied the Morabite; "your language is dictated by jealousy. A day will come when your hypocrisy will be unveiled."

Taking the hand of his companion Ben-Zohra said:

"Good bye, Baltasar Hermansor; pay no attention to the insults of this envious man." Without glance towards the dervish, the old man walked away with a slow and dignified step. Regardless of the publicity of the spot, and made furious by the contempt, continuing his abusive language, Zulphi ran after Ben-Zohra. But the Morabite did not condescend to notice these attacks.

Hassan, although indignant at this scene was not surprised at the behaviour of the dervish, because he had already divined that this man's devotion was affected and insincere.

The physician of Badajoz recognized the name of Hermansor, the old man to whom Zulphi had alluded in his quarrel with Ben-Zohra. He lived in this street and his house was opposite the two Moors; not wishing to take part in the dispute of which he had been the involuntary cause he walked towards the open door.

Baltasar Hermansor was about seventy years old, of small stature, bald, wrinkled, and kept his eyes half-closed—his physiognomy indicated duplicity and cunning. His dress was simple, even mean, and attested his parsimonious habits.

Before Hermansor could enter his house. Mohammed-Hassan caught both hands and exclaimed:

"Are you really Hermansor? If I had not heard your name, by Allah! I would never have recognized you."

Baltasar raised his small gray eyes to his

questioner, but his countenance expressed neither surprise nor emotion.

"Do you not recognize me, Hermansor?" asked the physician.

The old man was silent, and Hassan proceeded.

"At one time we were good friends; have you forgotten it?"

There was a sarcastic smile on the thin lips of Baltasar as he replied:

"I have not forgotten your features. You were Mohammed-Hassan, the best student at the school of Hammomet. It seems to me, in spite of time, that you are but little changed."

"I cannot say as much for you, Hermansor, for it would not be truth," added the physician of Badajoz sadly. "You are no longer my excellent comrade of the past."

"Why do you judge me so harshly?"

"Because you receive me after long years of separation with freezing indifference."

"There is between us, Mohammed, a wall of separation," declared Baltasar, casting a defiant look at Zulphi, who approached.

"Am I your enemy?"

"I do not say that."

"My sentiments for you are the same as in the days of our youth."

"My condition is now far different."

"Explain yourself."

"It is, you see—I am a Christian."

As he uttered these words, Hermansor entered his house and closed the door in the face of the physician of Badajoz.

"Cursed be the disciples of the crucified!" murmured Hassan. "Can they not leave me my friends? Does their religion command their converts to hate those who do not confess their creed?" The old man knocked impatiently at the door.

"Open the door," he called; "although you may have changed your dress, that will not prevent us from shaking hands."

"Another time, another time."

"Why not now?"

"Impossible."

"Do not say that, Hermansor, or you will compel me to force your door."

"Beware of doing so," returned Baltasar, in a frightened tone.

"I tell you that I will enter," declared the irritated physician.

"In the name of Heaven do not."

"Who will prevent me?"

"I cannot see you again now."

Hassan was on the point of replying when he felt his robe pulled by Zulphi.

"Come away," recommended the dervish.

"Leave me."

"You excite attention."

In truth, a group of persons, among whom he recognized the negro Soliman, had collected. He reluctantly deferred to Zulphi's counsels. When they were at a distance the dervish enquired:

"Do you know this Jew?"

"Certainly."

"Where did you meet him?"

"We studied ten years together at the schools of Hammomet, in the beylick of Tunis."

"Have you met him since?"

"Only once."

"In Africa?"

"No, at Malaga."

"You are aware that he abandoned Islamism to embrace Christianity?"

"I heard it to-day for the first time from you and from himself."

"I presume that you readily understand his conduct in your regard."

"His apostasy surprises me."

"You have no reason to be surprised."

"He appeared an ardent Mussulman."

"He was only a hypocrite."

"The rabbies frequently sought to lead him back to Judaism, which he professed in his youth, but he firmly resisted."

"Then he has professed three religious creeds."

"Is he a sincere Christian?"

"I cannot decide on that point; all that I can tell you is that this man is well known in Granada, and that he openly practises his new faith."

"Do you know under what circumstances he abjured the Koran?"

"Perfectly."

"Relate them."

"Willingly; you will, at least, be edified by your old friend."

"A truce to reflections!" said Hassan, wounded by Zulphi's ironical tone.

"I begin my story, Sidi. At the capitulation of Granada in 1492, it was stipulated that the Mohammedans should freely exercise their religion. But the Jews were not included in the treaty, and on account of their bad practices, they were to be exiled from the city and from the kingdom unless they embraced Christianity. A part of them preferred exile; others, attached to their commerce, flattered themselves that they would be tolerated, and obstinately remained. When Ferdinand and Isabella visited Granada these Jews were expelled. Hermansor claimed exemption from the decree in quality of Mussulman. Being of Jewish origin he was ordered to depart or to become a Christian. He chose to deny the religion of the Prophet rather than be ruined by banishment, and he received baptism."

"I should not have supposed him capable of such weakness."

"He gained but little. He was, already. odious to many of our brethren; his apos-

tasy entirely destroyed his credit. He has lost, at least, one half of his fortune and all his friends, except perhaps Ben-Zohra, an old hypocrite, who will also be seduced."

Mohammed-Hassan, afflicted by the misfortunes and defection of Hermansor, was silent. He returned with his companion to the Albaïcin gate, hastily crossed the Alhambra section of the city, and the Granada quarter; there he met Zegri and his son Merwan.

The Moorish prince conducted the physician of Badajoz to his palace.

The man who had watched Zegri when he visited the Albaïcin again followed him on his return. Having seen the prince enter his dwelling he rapidly retraced his steps.

IV.

THE SPY.

THIS person went in the direction of the Alhambra. He traversed the courts of the citadel, which were accounted the strongest in Europe. He entered the splendid galleries and the superb apartments of the old Moorish palace, appearing to be perfectly at home. The officers and guards on duty permitted him to pass without enquiry.

In truth, they were all aware of his functions ; he was the chief spy of the governor, Count Tendilla. He was given the position by Isabella at the time of the conquest, and he flooded Granada with his emissaries. His difficult situation forced the count to use these means of governing. The Moors had been but recently subjugated ; they

composed the major part of the inhabitants, and were restless at the loss of their independence. They detested their conquerors, who differed from them in origin, customs and religion.

Indeed, the Spanish conquerors could not employ less rigorous measures without exposing themselves to a terrible revolt. It was difficult to keep the happy medium, to restrain the Moors and make the royal authority respected.

To accomplish his design without betraying it, the governor kept a large secret police, and these agents mixed with the Moors and endeavored to penetrate their intentions. The man who had watched Zegri in the Albaïcin was chief among this force, which had been skilfully organized by Count Tendilla, and at any hour, day or night, he could enter the governor's presence.

The spy lightly tapped on the door of the count's private cabinet, where he conducted the secret affairs of his administration, and Tendilla himself opened the door.

"What is there new, Costirabal?" he eagerly demanded.

The agent, before replying, laid aside his Moorish disguise, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"My day has not been lost, Señor."

"What have you noticed?"

"You fear there is a conspiracy among the Moors?"

"In truth, I do."

"And also an approaching revolt among the conquered?"

"That is true."

"Your suspicions appear to me well founded and the danger seems imminent."

"Your report is serious."

"It is exact, as far as I can judge from the information obtained."

"Let me know all that you have learned."

"Alas! Señor, although I have no longer any doubt about the designs of the infidels, I have, however, but slight knowledge of the details of the enterprise they meditate."

"No matter; relate what you have discovered."

"I am now certain that the Moors hold secret meetings."

"Were you present at any of them?"

"No, unfortunately."

"Did you not try to gain admittance to these assemblies?"

"Pardon me, Señor."

"Then" . . .

"As soon as a man habited in Moslem dress enters these reunions he is at once marked, and all are on their guard. I sought to overhear conversations between the suspected persons but I have been baffled; their vigilance is very great. The Moors have a sign of recognition which I have not yet succeeded in discovering."

"You know nothing with certainty."

"I have only vague information. It is sufficient to place us on our guard, but not to frustrate the plot."

"Is that all?" asked Count de Tendilla, with evident uneasiness.

"I have not finished."

"Proceed."

"There has been to-day a commencement of the disturbance?"

"In what part of the city?"

"In the Albaïcin quarter."

"What happened?"

"The populace, excited by the dervishes and the Morabites, manifested in a violent manner their hatred of the Christians."

"What conclusion do you draw from that circumstance?"

"That preparations are being made for the insurrection, and that it will not be long before it bursts forth."

"Whom can we arrest? for we cannot strike the whole city."

"There is the difficulty."

"Who are the chiefs of this movement?"

"I do not know."

"Do you suspect any one?"

"The greatest mystery envelops the conspirators."

"Have you watched the Mussulmans of rank?"

"I have not. failed to do that; I followed to-day for several hours the most illustrious among the Moors."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Zegri."

"Do you believe that he conspires?"

"It would not astonish me."

"But up to the present time, he has lived

quietly, and has not been concerned in the troubles, which, on different occasions, have disquieted our government."

"That would prove his dissimulation."

"I acknowledge that his generous and loyal character inspires me with confidence."

"Zegri is an able man, Señor, and his talents are unsurpassed."

"I am aware of that."

"Think how much he would gain by the triumph of his countrymen. The Moors would certainly offer him the sovereign power."

"You calculate what he would gain, but reflect on what he would expose himself to lose. However powerful the revolt may be, it must end in suppression, and Zegri would be deprived of his vast dominions, and, undoubtedly, of life. Besides, he seems to me to know this; he is naturally moderate in his desires and exempt from ambition."

"Fanaticism is all-powerful."

"Zegri is not a fanatic; he is far from it. I do not even think that he is attached to his religion."

"However that may be," added Costirabal,

"I am sure that he was present to-day at the meeting of the conspirators. Afterwards he visited the most notable personages in the Albaïcin; he exchanged with different Morabites whom he met on the streets signs of intelligence. Indeed, the remarkable fact that presages immediate danger is Zegri's departure to-morrow for his domains in the Alpuxarras."

"What can you see that is very dangerous in the journey of a Moorish prince to the mountains?"

"He designs, undoubtedly, to give the signal for insurrection."

"Do you not exaggerate the importance of this excursion?"

"I do not think so. Zegri, after having made the final arrangements in the city, will call the mountaineers to arms."

"Have you forgotten that the Mussulmans of the Alpuxarras have been disarmed?"

"Have I not informed you, Señor, a hundred times since, that they have procured new arms and that they show a seditious spirit?"

The Count de Tendilla reflected a long time on these grave communications before speaking.

"Your suspicions, Costirabal, in regard to Zegri may have some foundation."

"They are more than suspicions; I am convinced that I am correct in affirming that the Moorish prince is implicated in a formidable conspiracy. If you do not prevent it, you will soon have proof that I advance nothing without just grounds. He is the instigator of the revolt in Granada, and he leaves the city to take command of the Moorish peasants in the Alpuxarras. He hopes at last to divert attention from the plots of his friends in Granada; his intention is to lull us into a deceitful security."

"Your reasoning seems just, but you do not bring me any decided proofs."

"Presumptions in certain cases, are so linked together that in some measure they lead us to the truth."

"I am convinced of that. But what is to be done?"

"Prevent any outbreak of the rebellion."

"By using violence, without even a specious pretext, I expose myself to the most determined resistance, and provoke the evil that I desire to repress."

After a short pause the spy declared:

"You are right, Señor; at this moment a thought occurs to me which enlightens me on the plans of the Moors."

"What is it?"

"I really believe that the Mussulmans desire that you should furnish them with an excuse to rebel, and so draw the people to their party."

"Yes, that is their desire, nothing can be clearer; my duty is to crush their hopes."

"Act promptly, time presses."

"The garrison is not strong; I must immediately inform the king and queen of the state of affairs in Granada."

"That is also my opinion."

Count de Tendilla called a secretary and dictated a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella; he assured them that the people of Granada were discontented with the Spanish domination, they seemed on the eve of revolt; the mountains peasants were again

armed; in the city the Christian religion was openly reviled, and the royal government spoken of with hatred and contempt; the Moors of the Peninsula had united with those of Africa, and the need of re-enforcement was urgent.

The governor desired to give an exact idea of the situation; but he could neither name chiefs, nor point out the nature of the movement now contemplated.

The letter was sent with all haste to Seville, where the sovereigns were holding their court.

Costirabal remained in the count's cabinet. After the count had despatched the messenger, he addressed his faithful agent.

"Now give strict attention to the movements of Zegri, the presumed head of the insurrection."

"What are your commands? "Do you propose to order his arrest?"

"Certainly not; such a procedure would precipitate the crisis. I will be prudent."

"Upon that depends our salvation."

"How shall we check the intrigues of the Moorish prince?"

"Forbid his departure for the Alpuxarras. Maintain about him and his friends a skilful and unwearied watchfulness. These measures may be sufficient to avert the danger; at least, they give time for the arrival of the troops which the king will undoubtedly send."

"I will follow your advice," replied Tendilla. "Continue zealously to second me, and you shall be rewarded."

The spy took his leave.

The governor sent an officer next day to Zegri's palace. The messenger arrived in the midst of preparations for departure, and the confusion inevitable on the eve of a long journey. A crowd of domestics were hurrying through the courts, the apartments and the corridors. Outside the palace richly caparisoned horses impatiently neighed. Mules were loaded with baggage, and sumptuous litters, carefully closed, were ready for the women and their attendants.

Zegri was giving his parting orders; his son assisted him ably.

Count Tendilla's officer advanced to the Moorish prince and bowed profoundly.

"What do you wish?" demanded Zegri, surprised by this visit.

"I come on the part of the Governor of Granada," replied the officer.

"What message does Count de Tendilla send?"

The officer was embarrassed. "He has charged me with a mission to you."

"Speak; what is the matter?" inquired Zegri, fixing on the Spaniard his clear and imposing eye.

"It is a pressing invitation". . . .

"Explain yourself. In an invitation there is ordinarily nothing disagreeable."

"I fear the one I bring you may be otherwise."

"Of course, it is an order."

"Exactly. You are right."

"What does the governor require?" said the Moor, whose countenance expressed bitter displeasure.

"Count de Tendilla has learned that you are about to leave for the mountains."

"I have no motive to conceal my intention; besides, the confusion that reigns in my house would not allow me a denial."

"My master orders you to postpone this journey."

"For what reasons?"

"To answer you frankly, the governor fears that you have some secret designs, as, for instance, to excite the mountaineers of the Alpuxarras and the neighboring countries to rebellion."

Zegri, whose pride was deeply wounded, was tempted to reply haughtily; however, he restrained himself, and said:

"This journey is indispensable, and to forbid it would be cruel in the Count de Tendilla."

"Such is, however, his intention."

"He has no right."

"It is not my province to discuss the orders of the king's lieutenant."

"Have I given him any cause for mistrust?"

"I do not know."

"He suspects me?"

"I cannot tell. Whatever may be the reason, he positively orders you not to leave Granada."

"And should I disobey?"

"In that case he will employ force."

"I will not make a useless resistance," said Zegri, with mingled indignation and sadness. "I will not leave."

"Your resolution is wise, Señor."

"Return to your master, and tell him that his orders are barbarous."

"He thinks they are lawful."

"I fear that he will, some day, repent treating me in this manner."

"Count de Tendilla is prudent."

"He is not, on this occasion."

"He has reasons for acting as he has done."

"I do not accuse him of yielding to a cruel caprice, but I affirm that he is deceived."

"Be assured that he has well weighed his present course."

"Has he reflected that, for seven years, I have lived peacefully apart from all intrigue and as submissive as the humblest Spaniard? Allah willed that we should be conquered and wear the yoke of subjugation, and I have adored the decrees of Allah."

"Be assured, Señor, that Count de Tendilla renders you justice."

"You bring me proof of it. His conduct in my regard releases me henceforth from all obligations towards him, and I reclaim my full liberty of action."

Zegri dismissed the governor's officer and directed his domestics to discontinue their preparations for departure.

Merwan whispered to his father: "The orders of the Spanish governor indicate that the conspiracy has been discovered."

"It is fatality," replied Zegri. "The day Granada fell, I said, 'Our beautiful kingdom will never rise again.' For this reason I have always refused to take an active part in useless plots."

"Yes, implacable fatality pursues us," added Merwan, with bitter sorrow. "We have no sooner consented to ally ourselves to the confederates than we are discovered."

"It was written; the will of Allah is holy, and true believers should submit to it without murmur," sighed the resigned voice of Zulphi, who had glided into the palace of Zegri.

Mohammed-Hassan was much displeased with this unforeseen prohibition. He decided to remain with Amara, to watch over the life of the young girl so precious to the Moorish prince.

V.

AT THE ALHAMBRA.

COUNT DE TENDILLA'S letter caused great alarm at the Court of Seville. The sovereigns reasonably dreaded to see the lovely kingdom of Granada again fall into the power of the infidels: it enclosed in the space seventy leagues in length and twenty-five in width, one hundred opulent cities and numerous villages, with a large population of intelligent inhabitants.

This naturally fertile land contained forests of mulberry trees and innumerable herds, and furnished commodities for commerce both with Africa and Europe.

The population of Granada was large until decimated by the civil wars which prepared and led to its conquest by the Spaniards.

The inhabitants of the neighboring countries, on the contrary, were crushed by the

disorders of feudalism, and were alike victims to the dissensions of the nobles and the cupidity of the Jews, to whom these haughty hidalgos voluntarily abandoned the profits of commerce and the collection of taxes, regarding these pursuits as unworthy of nobility. In their continual struggles the latter learned the art of war, whilst the Moors forgot it in the allurements of a life of luxury and indolence.

The day soon came when the two people combatted for the empire of the Peninsula. The intelligence received at the Court of Seville from the Governor of Granada, announcing the excitement that prevailed among the Mussulman inhabitants of the city and the mountains, caused great disquietude to the sovereigns and their ministers on the subject of the conquest. Between Ximenès and the other councillors of the crown a violent discussion took place.

Francis Ximenès, of Cisneras, was born in 1437, at Torre-Laguna, a small town of Castile. His mother, Maria-Anna de la Torre, was of noble parentage, but his father was not; he held the humble post of collector of

the tithes, which the pope granted the kings and their ministers during the war with Granada. This man's sole ambition was that his son, at first named Gourales, should succeed him, and, therefore, he had him taught to read and write. But the son turned his attention in another direction. He studied first at Alcala, afterwards at the celebrated University of Salamanca, became learned in theology and the oriental languages and then, the young Ximenès embraced the ecclesiastical state and entered the order of St. Francis.

In the course of events which it would take too long to relate here, Ximenès, renowned equally for his virtues and his talents, became the Confessor of Queen Isabella. He was made, despite his great reluctance, Archbishop of Toledo. The counsels of the archbishop were indispensable to his sovereigns, and he directed all affairs. His views always succeeded, on account of their excellence, the good judgment with which he advanced them and his constancy in pursuing them.

Ximenès advice upon the subject of Ten-

dilla's letter was opposed, as was customary, by his many enemies, who called him "the elephant" on account of his protruding teeth. It was his opinion that Ferdinand and Isabella should themselves proceed to Granada at the head of a large force, thus effectually to restrain and stifle the rebellion.

The other councillors, to oppose the minister, proposed an opposite course, and alleged that to follow Ximenès' advice would be to push the Moors to extreme measures.

Isabella selected a middle course between these two parties; she declared that she would go to Granada, but without being accompanied by regular troops; she would take in her suite a number of brave men, who, in case of need, could become soldiers. She ordered the nobles to follow her example, and lead to Granada their most valiant followers, organized in such manner, that, in a moment, they could form a strong garrison whilst at the same time a corps of troops could hold the country.

All the great lords were eager to conform to the sovereign's will.

The precarious health of the young prince, Don Miguel, was the ostensible reason for the journey, and the Court physicians decided that he required the pure air of Granada. Ferdinand and Isabella travelled separately. The queen, taking the child with her, journeyed by short stages to the Moorish city. Some of the nobles accompanied her, others took different routes.

In this way was introduced into Granada without causing remark, four or five thousand of the bravest soldiers of Spain.

Isabella took up her residence in the Alhambra, Ferdinand at the country palace of the Moorish king, less splendid than the former, built opposite to it, on the second hill which overlooked the city. Ximenès established himself in the Albaïcin quarter, that his forces might be so placed as to guard equally all quarters, and that he might more attentively watch the manœuvres of the Mussulmans. But the mind when conscious of intrigue becomes cautious and penetrating, and the Moors learned of the discovery of their seditious practices by the very means taken to conceal it from

them, the sudden arrival of the Court at Granada, the insolent pride of the Castilian and Andalusian lords, the sight of the rude and warlike countenances, which under the guise of page and valet inundated the streets. Their fury at finding themselves foiled was only equalled by their anxiety. They met in secret council to consult if it were better to hasten the action of the plot, and if they ought not to arm themselves immediately and to massacre all the Spaniards.

Had this audacious plan succeeded, it would have been fruitful in great results for the infidels. For a moment the fakirs, Morabites and some of the leaders thought of adopting it. It was opposed by Ben-Zohra. He represented, in a sensible discourse, that, in case of repulse, this attempt would be fatal to the Moors. "We are," he said, "strictly watched by numerous disguised Spanish soldiers, ready for the combat, awaiting only a pretext to annihilate us to a man. What can we do against these veteran troops who have conquered the best warriors of Boabdil, of the Abencerrages, of Zegri, and other illustrious

chiefs of our nation who united their powers to repulse the enemy from the walls of Granada. We are badly armed, many of our leaders dispersed, the people intimidated and irresolute. The assistance promised from Africa has not arrived, the mountaineers have not been notified."

The old Morabite spoke with enthusiasm, showing clearly that to attack the enemy in their present condition would be to deliver themselves into their hands.

Most of the leaders were silent, tacitly admitting that Ben-Zohra's reasoning was correct. The dervish Zulphi alone violently advocated war. He exhorted his compatriots to act promptly, accused Ben-Zohra of cowardice and self-love, and ended his discourse by declaring that, on his part, he was decidedly in favor of immediate action, and although he should perish in the attempt, he was unwilling to risk, through timid delay, the success of a conspiracy which had been with difficulty organized.

The young men applauded these zealous and fanatical sentiments; a few among the old hesitated.

Ben-Zohra, however, soon calmed the excitement. Notwithstanding Zulphi's invectives, the assembly resolved to submit for the time and await a more auspicious occasion. In truth, the Spaniards had so well arranged their plans that it would have been madness in the Moors to have rebelled. They understood this, and the most active leaders were eager to go to Africa. Several illustrious families thus exiled themselves voluntarily.

Count de Tendilla, immediately on their arrival, presented himself before his sovereigns. Entirely ignorant of the names of the chiefs, he dared not mention Zegri, against whom he could not prefer a complaint; he contented himself with saying that the presence of the Spanish monarchs had disconcerted the plans of the malcontents, and announced that several noted personages were preparing to pass the sea.

Ferdinand and Isabella ordered secret search to be made to detect if possible members of the conspiracy, as the names of the ringleaders could not be discovered. These measures were useless; the spies learned

absolutely nothing; the Moors preserved so strict a silence that no inadverdent speech betrayed the names of the confederates. The sovereigns, comprehending that two hostile religions in the same state would be a constant source of hatred and discord, determined to try to convert the Moors. They called on Ximenès for his advice, and decided upon the following remarkable means. They feigned to have penetrated the designs of the Moors and suddenly commanded the fakirs, Morabites, and the most influential members of the Moorish councils to appear at the Alhambra.

Great was the anxiety among the Mussulmans when the royal mandate was received.

They judged that everything was known, their plans denounced, their names divulged, their persons betrayed, and that they were called to hear their sentence of condemnation.

They were compelled to obey, as the command was handed them by a lieutenant at the head of an escort of soldiers.

They appeared at the palace with bowed

heads, sad countenances and minds filled with gloomy thoughts. How far different from the fate of which they had lately dreamed!

Nearly all of them arrived at the same time at the foot of the hill on which the Alhambra is built.

By a singular chance Ben-Zohra and Zulphi found themselves side by side. The attitude of the two men was widely different. The old Morabite had never presented a firmer appearance, a calmer or more resolute look; his tranquil eye attested that he feared nothing. The dervish, on the contrary, was overwhelmed, crushed; his enthusiasm had completely evaporated; he trembled with fear, was obsequious to Ben-Zohra. The Moors mounted the declivity of the hill attended by silent guards. They passed through a forest of odoriferous trees which extended to the entrance of the Alhambra, and which yet remain, although the formidable wall, which enclosed the palace have disappeared.

A series of groves, intersected by limpid streams, and gushing fountains, and occa-

sionally bristling with wild looking rocks offered an admirable picture of freshness, of grace and of grandeur. The Moors crossed the threshold of the principal entrance, built of red bricks in the form of a large square tower.

After passing under the sombre arch, which was narrow and curved like a horse shoe, they traversed the long esplanade planted with magnificent trees, at the end of which was displayed the extended and ravishing panorama of the great valley of Granada, bounded on the east and the south by snow capped mountains, feeding the numerous streams which watered the plains.

Having advanced as far as the court of baths, they saw before them the enchanting Alhambra, still bearing engraved on all sides, in golden letters, the name of Allah; magic palace with its embroidered partitions hanging in rich festoons, ceilings delicately adorned and illuminated as the leaves of parchment, columns slender as the slightest shrub, forming a strange contrast to the enormous mass of heavy square walls that surrounded the edifice.

There was a vast basin in the court of baths serving for a summer bathing place. Around this court ran a graceful portico divided by delicate columns, the ruined capitals of which supported lengthened arcades, surmounted by an upper gallery of the same style but with less elevated columns.

The ornaments of these galleries, like those of each of the courts and apartments of the palace, were of a grace and magnificence recalling the previous productions of the East. They were entwined, wreathed and interlaced in such manner that geometry alone could discover the secret; the eye glided from beauty to beauty as in a labyrinth. In one place there were arabesques in which a thousand ideal flowers budded and blossomed; in another, were ancient characters which themselves resembled capricious decorations. These different kinds of ornaments, from which the representations of living creatures was banished, were often painted on a groundwork of gold in colors as brilliant as those on our ancient glass windows, and united the piquant harmony of an infinite variety with an invaria-

ble regularity. The Morabites and their companions were led into the great hall of the Alhambra, unequalled in luxury and splendor, admirable in proportion and supported by two hundred alabaster columns. Ferdinand and Isabella, clothed in all the insignia of royalty, were seated on separate thrones placed at the end of this incomparable apartment.

The Moors were led to the feet of these new monarchs of Granada. In a few words Ferdinand informed them that he had sent for them on business of importance, which the Archbishop of Toledo would more fully explain.

This vague communication far from reassuring increased their fears.

They were conducted to the minister. Ximenès received them with an austere air, and announced that he was aware of their plot to incite the Moorish inhabitants of the city and of the mountains to rebellion. "Some among you are directly concerned in the conspiracy, others are guilty from having known of it and not having revealed it. You have, therefore, all deserved

death." A dismal silence succeeded this terrible speech. The archbishop, satisfied that he had made a deep impression, continued:

"The sovereigns, nevertheless, consent to pardon you, notwithstanding your crimes, on condition that you embrace the Christian religion."

The fakirs, Morabites and other Moors drooped their heads in silent consternation.

Ximenès insisted; they protested their innocence, but ended by acceding to the demands of the archbishop.

Zulphi, among the foremost, declared that he would be instructed in the Christian doctrines and would be baptized. Fright even induced him to say that he had long thought the religion of Christ superior to that of Mohammed.

"Coward!" whispered Ben-Zohra to the dervish; "this, then, is the fruit of your hypocritical devotions! You are the first to give the scandal of apostasy, you, who wished to be considered as the holiest and most zealous of Mussulmans. You will now know which of us is the firmer in

Islam's faith." The old Morabite elevating his voice said:

"I refuse to abandon the worship of my ancestors."

"At least, study the doctrines of Christianity," replied Ximenès.

"No, I will not."

"This is the price of pardon."

"If so, I will die."

Several old men expressed the same sentiments as Ben-Zohra. The minister, fearing that the example of these Moors might be followed, ordered the soldiers who were present to lead the refractory Mussulmans to prison where they would await a new order.

VI.

COUNT D'AGUILAR.

XIMENÉS, who united the zeal of an apostle to the genius of prime minister, was not contented with the adroit measure he had just succeeded in carrying into effect. In concert with Talavera, Archbishop of Granada, he undertook to instruct the Mussulmans of the city. The two prelates alternately preached in public and in private.

Their eloquence had marvellous success. The fakirs, Morabites and other persons who had been summoned to the Alhambra, were faithful to their promises. They were instructed in the Christian religion, and scarcely a day passed without new converts. Many Moors at this time embraced Christianity.

To recompense the neophytes for their

zeal, offices, employments, and pensions were conferred on them.

Ben-Zohra remained in prison unshaken in his religious convictions.

Zulphi was neither more sincere nor less hypocritical than formerly, after he had denied the Koran for the Gospel. He entered the church unchanged, with the same vices, the same baseness of soul. Formulas only were different, the spirit remained the same.

This doubtful conversion, however, undeceived Zegri as to the character of the indefatigable parasite; he acknowledged the wisdom of the cautions of the physician of Badajoz who had put him on his guard against the knavish dervish.

It was difficult to Zegri's loyal soul to suspect perfidy; he had placed unlimited confidence in Zulphi, had retained him near his person, and frequently accepted his counsels. On his part, the dervish omitted nothing to secure and to augment his influence over his illustrious patron; and he almost persuaded him that his aid was indispensable for his entrance into the Mohammedan paradise.

At the famous siege of Malaga, equally fatal to both parties, Zegri, as governor of the place, commanded the garrison. Zulphi, although young, was considered a holy Mussulman ; he counselled the prince to a violent and obstinate resistance, and audaciously prophesied success. On other occasions he had made predictions that circumstances or Zegri's valor had verified. Now that Zegri was aware of Zulphi's hypocrisy he no longer hesitated to drive him from his palace.

Zulphi, skilful in taking advantage of this circumstance, represented himself to the Spaniards as a victim of Mohammedan fanaticism. He obtained from the conquerors generous gifts, which enabled him to live at ease in the Albaïcin, where he affected as much zeal for his new faith as he had shown for his former creed.

Happily all the conversions did not resemble that of the dervish ; they were generally solid and dictated by sincere convictions, especially among the more enlightened classes of the Morabites, fakirs and dervishes. It was necessary to exercise a certain pres-

sure, not, indeed, to impose Christianity on them, but to induce them to study the dogmas. Their religion had been established by the sabre, and by the same means they wished to decide concerning the faith of Christ. The monarchs and Ximenès made use of this disposition to compel the Moors to relinquish their voluntary ignorance and to constrain them to the doctrines of Christianity. So great was the influx of the catechumens, that, sometimes, the full ceremonies of baptism were necessarily omitted. On one occasion Ximenès preached with such effect, that when the sermon ended, three or four thousand persons presented themselves to be instructed in the faith. Ximenès renewed an ancient custom of the church, and baptized them by aspersion. Things quietly followed their usual course. Christianity, of which the Mussulmans had been totally ignorant, now opened to them its truth, its grandeur and its divinity ; and as fear no longer retained them in obedience to Islamism, they voluntarily renounced Mohammed to submit to the holy laws of the gospel.

The presence of the sovereigns and the conduct of the minister, had put a stop to all the seditious assemblies of the Moors. This timid people, habituated to a despotic government, trembled at the least suspicion of their fidelity; the Granadians, factious and rebellious in the absence of their masters, at the slightest threat of chastisement, humbled themselves to the dust.

Ferdinand and Isabella, satisfied that tranquillity would henceforth reign in Granada, returned to Seville, leaving Ximenès to finish, in connection with Talavera, Archbishop of Granada, the work so well commenced.

Their departure was premature; the followers of Islamism were still numerous in the Moorish city, and upon occasions they could collect more than a hundred thousand armed men, and in case of revolt, a simple garrison would be insufficient to support authority.

As soon as the sovereigns were at a distance from Granada, public testimonies of discontent were renewed; there was not only murmuring among the Mussulmans, but

mobs collected and insulted the newly converted. The two archbishops nearly fell victims to the popular fury. Ximenès, too feeble to subdue the seditions, conducted himself as though he were the stronger party, and his indomitable courage stood him in lieu of a whole army.

He prohibited the Moors, under pain of corporal punishment, from holding assemblies, abusing the Christian religion, or offending by word or action those who had become Christians. An infringement of this command subjected to imprisonment. He perseveringly sought to discover the cause of the continued dissatisfaction and its instigators. Count de Tendilla informed him of the suspicions against Zegri suggested by his agent Costirabal. The minister, aware of the characteristic duplicity of the Moors, regarded Zegri as guilty, although there was no cause discovered for the accusations, so discreet and reserved had been the prince in his conduct. Ximenès, with superior genius, comprehended that the illustrious Mussulman was the more to be feared, as possessing all the qualities to

lead a great enterprise, he held himself aloof from the conspirators.

Acting upon Costirabal's reports he decided to take from Zegri the power to injure, and to seize the first opportunity that presented itself to have him arrested.

By the minister's orders a more rigorous supervision over the prince was kept; when he left his palace he was followed, and instructions were given to prevent him from leaving Granada. Zegri soon perceived how strictly he was watched; he also heard of the accusations against him, and the designs meditated against his liberty. Though irritated by these annoyances he was too proud to notice them, and he preserved a disdainful silence. He changed none of his habits, frequented the Albaïcin and visited his friends as usual. Although unwilling to acknowledge it, he was anxious on account of his son, of Boabdilla, and, particularly, of Amara, who could not perfectly recover her health under the influence of the noxious vapors and stifling air of the city. He was seriously uneasy, and often asked himself what would become of these deli-

cate girls should he be thrown into prison. At times, he meditated exile, following the example of his illustrious friends; but he would by taking such a step expose not only himself but his family to danger, and it would furnish a pretext to the Spaniards for greater persecution.

Nevertheless, he could no longer dissimulate; for the rumor was general in the city, that although he was peaceable, he might hourly expect to be arrested with all his household. This idea tortured him; he did not doubt but such a blow would break the hearts of Amara and Boabdilla. He believed after deep reflection that he had found the means of averting this danger. Calm and serenity were restored to his noble brow. One day he threw a rich albornoz over his shoulders and walked to the Antequerrula quarter, and stopped at one of the most splendid palaces; he was received by an attendant, magnificently attired.

"Is your master at home?" Zegri inquired.

"He is," answered the valet.

"Conduct me to him."

The servant bowed, and guiding the visitor to a vast and sumptuous apartment, he announced the Moorish prince, whom he knew.

"Admit him," replied a grave voice.

Zegri found himself in the presence of an old man of lofty stature, and distinguished appearance; his brow was furrowed with many wrinkles, but his black eyes still shone with youthful fire, his forehead was bald and his few locks were nearly white.

"I salute you, Count d'Aguilar," said the Moor, gracefully placing his right hand on his heart.

"You are welcome, illustrious Zegri," said the Spaniard, advancing quickly and taking the hand of the prince.

"My sudden visit must surprise you," continued the Mussulman, pressing the count's hand.

"It does me great honor."

"You are aware, Señor, in what profound respect I hold the brother of the great Gonzalès of Cordova, whom for eight years I have had the happiness to count among my friends."

"I always congratulated myself, Sidi, that you deign to include me in the friendship with which you honor my brother."

"It is sincere."

"Of that I am certain; I only regret that the difference of our principles does not permit us to cultivate it more assiduously."

"Nevertheless, Señor, I am here to-day to prove to you my confidence."

"I shall be happy to respond to it."

"I come to solicit a service of you that I cannot ask of any of my compatriots, because there is no one whom I esteem as I do you and your brother. I regard you as the most honorable as well as the most valiant cavaliers of Spain."

"This testimony from your lips, Sidi, is to me of great value, and I will endeavor to merit it still more."

"I but speak, Señor, my real sentiments."

"Be assured that I am deeply touched by your words."

"You know, perhaps, of the accusations made against me."

"I have heard rumors, and I am greatly grieved."

"Believe me, Count d'Aguilar, when I tell you these imputations must be received with caution."

"I never doubted your loyalty nor your candor."

"They accuse me falsely."

"Were you ignorant of the plots that were being formed?"

"No, certainly not."

"Did you approve of them?"

"It is useless to explain myself on that point. But I swear by the name of Allah, that I never intended to take an active part."

"What you say is satisfactory."

"I will further add that I am opposed upon principle to conspiracies; it would be unworthy of me to use such means."

"You are right."

"Moreover, in my opinion, the cause of Granada is lost; a fatal destiny pursues us, and Allah appears to guide you by the hand."

"Yes, Heaven has directed every event that has ruined the fortune of Islamism."

"God wills it, and it would be folly to resist."

"However," Zegri continued, "despite my position and pacific sentiments, I am in great danger."

"It is true. I am pained at this, and regret that the minister is not better informed."

"I do not blame the Christian chiefs; I would naturally excite suspicion, and in a city full of a hostile population, how could they discover the truth? Spies, over zealous men, have deceived Ximenès and the governor. Besides, I have enemies among the Moors."

"I sincerely deplore all that; I would gladly use every means to exculpate you, if I had more credit with the minister. Unhappily, my brother and myself are not favorably regarded, because Gonzalès opposed in council some measures originated by the cardinal. Besides in civil or political matters Ximenès never listens to a soldier's advice."

"You can do nothing, I know."

"I am glad that you understand my situation."

"I would not use your influence if it had great weight."

"Why not?"

"Because I scorn to be justified when I am not guilty."

"Then you do not design making any representation to the minister."

"Certainly not."

"What do you wish me to do, Sidi? I am ready to serve you in any way. I will act in your regard as I would for the dearest brother."

"The perils that menace me alone do not alarm me; I have many times shown that I despise death under whatever form presented. But I fear for my family, and especially for a young girl who is an inmate of my palace."

"Are those whom you love exposed to share your fate?"

"I can hardly say. Even if they were not disturbed, I would not feel the less alarmed for the young girl of whom I spoke."

"Has she enemies?"

"It is not on that account that I am concerned; but her health imperiously requires the pure air of the mountains, and we are forbidden to leave Granada."

"Is the necessity for her to leave the city so very pressing?"

"Listen to me, and judge for yourself. Her physician, the celebrated Mohammed-Hassan, declares that he will not answer for her life if she remains in Granada."

"You are deeply interested in this child's preservation?"

"As much as if she were my own daughter."

"Is she a relation?"

"None whatever."

"Allow me to express astonishment, Sidi, at the extraordinary affection you express."

"My religion and my ancestors teach that nothing in the world is so sacred to the true believer, as one to whom he gives hospitality."

"This young girl is your guest?"

"Yes."

"Does this title render her so dear to you?"

"She has other claims on my affection."

"You have just said that you are not united by the bonds of relationship."

"I again affirm it, but I have received

her at my hearth as a precious deposit, I have sworn on the most holy texts of the Koran to protect her, and to restore her to him who confided her to me should he come to claim her."

"I admire these ancient customs," exclaimed Count d'Aguilar; "they merit the highest praise."

"For us hospitality is more than a custom; it is a law which we must observe at the price of our blood. He who would violate it would be dishonored and cursed forever."

"These are noble sentiments! Does the young girl whom you protect deserve this devotion?"

"She deserves more than I can do," replied Zegri, with emotion; "she is the sweetest, purest, most amiable of creatures. I would cherish her even if the law of hospitality did not make it a duty."

"Who is she?"

The Moor did not appear to expect this question; he hesitated a moment.

"Pardon my indiscretion, Sidi," said Count d'Aguilar, "I did not mean to ask you an intrusive question."

"My children and the physician of Badajoz, alone know the secret of her residence under my roof. Hassan is still ignorant of her parentage. I will conceal nothing from you, Señor, to prove to you how much your character inspires my confidence."

The Moor recollected himself an instant, and began the following narration:

"In 1491, several Moslem leaders hastened to fortify themselves in Granada with the troops of Zagal and of Boabdil in order to preserve our expiring independence. Among those who had acquired a terrible renown was Feri de Benastepar."

"I know him by reputation," interrupted Alfonso d'Aguilar; "he was, by far, the most obstinate and savage of our enemies."

"You will not deny his heroic courage, which was only equalled by his love of country. He was over sixty years of age when he came to join us, and at a time too, when worn by fatigue and numerous labors, he might aspire to a legitimate repose in his vast and rich domains in the Alpuxarras."

"I acknowledge that he was endowed with a rare warlike energy."

"The Moors did not like Feri de Benastepar; but he was feared and respected by all. For myself, full of admiration for his brilliant actions in war, I sincerely esteemed him, and even conceived for him a respectful affection, for, I had served under him, and he had rendered me some important service."

"Feri was descended from a very ancient family; he traced his origin from the first Arabian dwellers on the soil of Iberia. The chief of his race had a command among the twelve thousand men who, in 711, under the conduct of the Lieutenant de Monssa, the African Emir, landed on the sandy peninsula afterwards called by the name of this captain, Djeb-el-Tarick; there Tarick established his camp.

"His ancestors fought valiantly at the battle of Gaudalète, where the Visigoths were conquered under their King Roderick.

"Afterwards the house of Feri intermarried with the women of Andalusia, but this did not soften the hereditary disposition; it always furnished bold, formidable warriors to the caliphs of Granada and Cordova.

"Feri de Benastepar did not belie the redoubtable traditions or the blood of his ancestors, of which he was the last male scion. He had but one daughter, whom he took with him to Granada. His grief at being deprived of male posterity increased the asperity of the character of this illustrious Moor. Terrible to his enemies, he was intractable with his own people. He fought with a gloomy fury during the eight months of the siege of the city, and distinguished himself by many daring exploits.

"When on the 2d of January, 1492, we were compelled to surrender Granada, which had been ours for seven hundred and eighty-nine years, Feri was excepted from the armistice accorded to the defenders of the place."

"You know the motives of this exclusion," said Count d'Aguilar.

"Feri had done you too much injury for you to pardon him. How many villages, how many even of your small cities he had ravaged! He had burned your castles, massacred your garrisons, devastated your fields; and in contempt of all the treaties

and truces proclaimed, he made on you a savage and brigand war. But in the terrible struggle that we were sustaining for our independence these acts appeared excusable. However, Feri was refused the benefit of the amnesty; a price was put on his head and active measures taken to trace him from shelter to shelter.

"Feri, who combated to the last, wandered from retreat to retreat, fearing at every moment to be discovered by the conquerors or betrayed by the hatred of the Moors. The night after your entry into Granada, under favor of the darkness he came clandestinely to my residence, bringing his little daughter Amara, then but fourteen years of age.

"He said: 'Zegri, you are the only man whom I esteem and love; I confide in your noble character, and I come to you fearlessly.'

"'It suffices,' I replied, 'that you are unhappy; depend upon my aid.'

"'My head is proscribed,' he sadly answered.

"'I know it.'

"'Perhaps my daughter will be involved in my destruction.'

"'Rely on my protection; it shall never fail her.'

"'Thanks for you generous offers; I did not expect less from you. I do not, Zegri, implore help for myself; had I been alone I would never have asked admittance.'

"'Your pride offends me.'

"'Excuse me, such is my way of viewing things: I ask your compassion only for my child.'

"'I repeat that I shall always be at her command.'

"'I shall depart this night and I cannot take this delicate girl with me.'

"'She shall reside with me and I will treat her with the same affection as I do Boabdilla.'

"'I trust her to your care.'

"'I receive her as a sacred deposit.'

"'I hope at some time, to claim Amara, and you must restore her to me such as I place her in you care.'

"'As far as depends on myself, my promises shall be fulfilled.'

"'Swear upon the Koran that you will guard her against the Christians.'

"'I swear it,' I pronounced, 'with hand extended over the holiest pages of the book dictated by the angel Gabriel to Mohammed.'

"Feri embraced Amara, said, 'Adieu, my child,' in a smothered voice, and pressing my hand departed in tears.

"'Amara sobbed aloud.'

"'May Allah direct your steps,' I murmured.

"I conducted the young girl to Boabdilla, who received her as a sister, and each day augments their tender friendship.

"The flight of Feri and his arrival in Africa, where he now resides, were soon known. I seldom hear from him as he fears to compromise me.

"Amara has grown to womanhood at my hearth, and I love her as my own child. I must say that she inspires the same devotion to all who approach her; her lovely disposition exercises great influence over all hearts."

Zegri expressed himself warmly, and Count d'Aguilar was much affected.

"You interest me extremely," he said, "and I would be delighted to see this noble child you have so affectionately cherished."

"Thanks, Señor, for thus anticipating my wishes. I desire to place Feri's deposit in your charge; it will be more secure than in my hands."

"You propose to me to receive Amara into my house?"

"That is the object of my visit. If I did not fear to abuse your kindness, I would supplicate you to admit my daughter also to your hospitable home."

"Your confidence honors me, Sidi; what you ask I offer you with all my heart."

"May Allah reward you, Count d'Aguilar," said Zegri, raising his eyes, moist with tears, to heaven. "Henceforth, I fear nothing."

"Bring the physician of Bajadoz with Amara and Boabdilla."

"They will be here in a few hours, for time presses."

"Hasten to provide for you own safety; in the Count d'Aguilar's home those you love will be in no danger. I will conduct

Amara myself to a place I possess at the foot of the Alpuxarras. If the security of the young girl should there be threatened from any unforeseen circumstance, I will bring her to the valley which is protected by the fortress of Monduchar."

Zegri, deeply touched by the devotion of Count d'Aguilar, expressively placed his hand on his heart without being able to speak. He again and again pressed the hand of the Spanish nobleman, and left him with grateful assurance that he would eternally remember his great goodness.

Three days later, Amara, Boabdilla and Hassan were received at his home with charming grace by Count d'Aguilar, his wife and three daughters. The next day the two families left Granada for the Alpuxarras.

Count d'Aguilar was the younger brother of the famous Gonzalès Hernandez y Aguilar y Cordova. Their father, Marshal Don Diego de Cordova, had command of the first war against the Moors of Granada. The title of dukes of Cordova belonged to their forefathers, and their family, one of

the most ancient of Andalusia, still enjoyed great privileges in that city.

Alfonso d'Aguilar became almost as celebrated as his brother in the war against the Moors. Among other acts we find that in 1483, when Boabdil, recently proclaimed monarch, made his first sortie from Granada at the head of his army, Alfonso decided the fate of the infidel prince and opportunely relieved Count de Cabra and Gonzalès, who commanded the Spanish troops. Zegri was united to Gonzalès and his brother in a very chivalric manner.

During the siege of Granada, Gonzalès, who, at the time, was the bravest cavalier of Spain, challenged the Moors. Zegri alone dared to respond to the challenge. The contest was terrible ; the Moorish prince nearly caused the great captain to lose the renown of which he was justly proud. Neither of the two warriors having triumphed over his adversary, they separated, filled with mutual esteem. From this arose the sincere friendship which was afterwards established between Zegri and the distinguished brothers.

VII.

THE TOWER OF COMARA.

TRANQUIL about the fate of his daughter and Amara, Zegri occupied himself in securing the departure of his son from Granada. By the aid of a good disguise, Merwan deceived the Spaniards and found refuge in the mountains.

The Moorish prince also decided to leave the city, but he had not time to put his project into execution.

Ximenès, finding the attitude of the Mussulmans becoming daily more menacing, resolved to strike a blow that would alarm them. He ordered the arrest of Zegri, under the pretext that he had violated a recent ordinance.

The minister's mandate was executed secretly, for the purpose of preventing any

of the partisans or friends of the Moorish prince from coming to his defence. Zegri protested his innocence and immediately offered proofs. He was answered that he might justify himself later.

He submitted to his arrest with dignity and without complaint or murmur.

These measures had been so skilfully taken that this act, despite its hardihood, provoked no movements in the city.

The prisoner was conducted to the Alhambra. He passed through the same large door of the fortress that recently admitted the fakirs and Morabites; but instead of taking him to the palace, he was carried by a deep and narrow road running parallel to the line of the fortifications to a large square tower, broader at the summit than at the base, and raised high above the thick walls that it flanked. Built of red brick, crowned with lozenge shaped battlements, light was admitted through elegant openings in the form of Moorish roses, serving both for windows and loop-holes. This tower, called in Granada the tower of Comara, was one of the most important of

the Alhambra, and communicated with it by subterranean passages. In the magnificent reigns of the caliphs of Granada, galleries built underground united it to the country palace, and it was always well guarded.

Zegri, stepping through the arched door of the wall of enclosure entered the tower. He mounted a staircase; its worn steps attested to the number of wretched beings who had been there imprisoned. On the second floor the officer who escorted him opened a heavy iron door and said:

"Sidi, this is your prison."

The Moor made no answer. He looked around the apartment; it was vast and very dismal. The wall was ten feet thick, and the light was received only through one aperture. A long table was fastened to the wall; the furniture was composed of a chest of drawers, three stools, several cushions, and a faded carpet.

Zegri having slowly inspected his prison demanded of the captain:

"How long am I to remain in this place?"

"I do not know."

The Moor sighed.

"I hope that you will very soon leave this tower," added the Spaniard, by way of consolation; "perhaps that will depend on yourself."

Zegri was silent. The officer left and ordered the door to be locked.

As soon as he was alone the Moslem prince went to the small window of the prison. He could see only the brilliant sky of Granada. "Radiant firmament that I have so often loved to contemplate, you are the mute witness of our subjugation."

Turning sadly away he examined the walls, on which hung some tapestry in tatters; he discovered a few inscriptions in Arabic, which he employed himself in deciphering. Most of the compositions were verses from the Koran, traced by captives who had succeeded each other in this prison.

Zegri read the lines of the many victims with a feverish curiosity.

He suddenly stopped astonished before some characters finely cut in the stone; he

regarded them again and again, fearing to deceive himself; tears flowed from his eyes, he kissed the inscription with respect.

"What!" he sighed, "have they been incarcerated here! Ah! I am not wholly wretched, for I occupy the prison their presence has made illustrious."

On the portion of the wall which the Moor had fervently embraced was marked the names of Boabdil, d'Aïxa, and another, in a childish hand, that Zegri could not perfectly decipher.

He recalled to mind all the circumstances connected with the captivity of those noble personages. He surveyed this apartment, endeared now to him as the abode of the last King of Granada and his mother; each object awoke in him a sad remembrance.

"Ah!" he said, half aloud, "here they sat, here they reposed. The two young princes escaped through this window. Before departing, they would also inscribe their names among those of other unfortunate beings. These are eloquent proofs that fatality spares none, not even the loftiest. In my turn I cruelly experience

this to-day. Ah! if this severe lesson had taught Boabdil! . . . But no; this prince was as cruel towards others as they were to him. Besides, he was indolent, and thus he lost his beautiful kingdom."

Zegri silently reflected on these sad events. In a few words we will note the facts to which he alluded.

Towards the year 1478, Al-Bohacem, King of Granada, repudiated Aïxa, his lawful spouse, to marry Zoraïda, a Christian renegade, of whom he was enamoured.

This woman had a son, and she desired to secure for him the throne; ambitious and as cruel as she was beautiful, Zoraïda urged Al-Bohacem to the most terrible crime. He condemned the seven children, born of his union with Aïxa, to be publicly strangled in the great hall of the Alhambra. These innocent victims were first kept in the tower of Comara. Aïxa, and Boabdil, the youngest son of the repudiated wife, occupied the apartment in which Zegri was imprisoned; the other children were in a neighboring cell. Aïxa was afterwards removed from the tower to a pavilion near, but

was sometimes permitted to see her children.

The day for the execution approached, and the courageous mother determined to save her innocent offspring. By means of a rope made with the veils and head-dresses of her attendants she succeeded in rescuing from the tower the eldest and youngest of the prisoners; the latter was afterwards traitorously slain by his uncle, Boabdil-Mohammed-el-Zagal. The two young princes were received by faithful servants at the foot of the rampart, and conducted that same night to Cadiz and entrusted to the Abencerrages, relatives of Aïxa, who received with respect the deposit confided to them by their sister.

Aïxa was not so fortunate in saving the other children from the fate to which they were condemned by their father.

This noble and courageous woman avenged herself in 1482, when Boabdil was secretly brought from Cadiz to Granada and triumphantly proclaimed king in the city whilst Al-Bohacem was engaged in the siege of the Alhambra.

Such were the dramatic events which oc-

cupied Zegri's mind, after he recognized the inscriptions made by the hand of Boabdil upon the prison walls twenty-one years previously.

The Moor remained a long time plunged in a deep reverie, meditating on human vicissitudes and the caprices of fortune.

VIII.

LIGHT.

As time passed, the soul of Zegri became more calm; however, he was sometimes filled with indignation, not to say anger, at being treated with a rigor which he considered unmerited. The idea of being in the power of the Spaniards, of Christians, revolted him, and he cursed fate which treated him with such cruelty.

"Why," he exclaimed, in moments of gloomy anger, "why did I not espouse the cause of the conspirators; at my appeal, the people would have flown to arms, would have proclaimed me king; and at the head of an army of true believers, I might have declared war to the death against our oppressors." . .

"But no," he murmured, "these efforts would have been useless; we are con-

demned by an inexorable necessity; and no human force would be able to change the decrees of destiny." Then he regretted having listened to Zulphi's counsels, and furnished weapons against himself to the conquerors. But this could not be recalled, and he must patiently submit to the effects of his imprudence.

Ximenès, who had boldly commanded the arrest of Zegri, sent to him, at the expiration of several weeks, one of his confidential agents.

The gentleman commenced: "My master, Sidi, commissions me to make you some propositions, which I hope you will find agreeable."

"Of what do they treat?"

"It depends but on yourself to recover your liberty."

"What conditions does the minister impose?" bitterly inquired the Moor.

"Cardinal Ximenès, representing the sovereigns in this city, has the right to require of you solemn guarantees."

"What have I done to excite his suspicions?"

"Have I need to recall it to you?"

"I am innocent, and truly do not know of what I can be accused?"

"I will acquaint you."

"You will do me a favor."

"Your intrigues have been discovered, Sidi, and the government regards you as the principal support of Islamism. Your name is a banner for the partisans of rebellion; you are the great obstacle to the tranquillity and to the security of Granada; in a word, you are an enemy to our sovereigns who, notwithstanding, treat you with leniency. Each of these grievances justify the most rigorous punishment which could be inflicted on you by our monarchs. When your ancestors reigned in this city, they beheaded persons for less cause; they acted arbitrarily, they observed no form."

"Are you not, at this moment, imitating them?"

"Certainly not."

"Allow me to deny your assertion."

"I maintain it however, and you are the best evidence that I have spoken justly."

"You have thrown me into prison for

having been present at a simple assembly."

"Which was composed of conspirators."

"Is it not an unnecessary severity to punish us so harshly for a gesture or a word against your religion?"

"Do you remember, Sidi," replied the Spaniard, "Abderame II., who proclaimed by edict that every Christian should be instantly killed who spoke ill of the Koran? of how many persecutions, how much violence, how many horrible murders this barbarous order furnished the pretext! Was this example chosen from many of a similar kind ever followed by us?"

Zegri could not reply to this, but inquired:

"What does Cardinal Ximenès require of me?

"Whoever has been implicated in the conspiracies," replied the minister's messenger, "can no longer, you are aware, remain in Granada without embracing Christianity."

"I will go into exile."

"You have not the choice."

"Why?"

"In a foreign land you would, perhaps, have greater opportunities to injure us."

"What fate does the archbishop reserve for me?"

"I know not."

"What is it then you wish?"

"The cardinal's orders to me were: Go to Zegri, invite him to instruct himself in the Christian faith; this is the price of his liberty."

The Moor fiercely said:

"Tell your master that such propositions are not made to men of my rank. Does he not know me? Does he not remember Malaga?"

"Is this your final answer, Sidi?"

"Yes."

"You have reflected?"

"My determination is unalterable."

"You refuse?"

"Absolutely."

"However—"

"Say nothing more," interrupted Zegri, "I will not permit it."

"Be it so."

"Do not fail to remind Ximenès that

I am still the same man I was at Malaga."

"In truth, I find that you have not changed."

"I honor myself by being faithful to my principles, and I do not yield to fortune."

"The minister's agent, finding the prisoner inflexible, took leave of him.

Zegri encouraged his firmness by various reflections, and the name of Malaga was often on his lips. In evoking the remembrance of Malaga, Zegri recalled one of the most renowed of his war deeds.

In 1487, the kingdom of Granada, torn by civil dissensions, was divided into two parties between Zagal and Boabdil, uncle and nephew; each struggled desperately for the mastery. Zagal possessed the coast of Granada, and his nephew some places in the interior.

At the same time they were compelled to sustain a war against the Christians. Ferdinand, under favor of these internal discords, passed through the heart of the country and advanced towards the sea. This prince was already at the gates of Veler-Malaga,

a small place only a few leagues distant from the great city of Malaga, and had camped upon the hills which overlook this city. Zagal attacked him there and was completely defeated. Boabdil profited by this catastrophe to enter Granada; and when Zagal, overwhelmed by this news, hastened to protect his other possessions, Ferdinand laid siege to Malaga. The Spanish monarch, upon the representations of some Moorish prisoners, expected to corrupt the governor of Malaga and receive possession of the city. But it was Zegri who commanded in Malaga.

Whilst the Christian army advanced slowly on Malaga, Ferdinand proffered the Moslem prince large bribes. He offered large sums of money and permission to choose a residence in all Spain, if he would surrender Malaga. The king added that his army would soon reduce the place, which had no recognized master, since neither Zagal nor Boabdil possessed sovereign authority.

He proposed to treat the inhabitants as his own subjects and not to permit either

Malaga or the surrounding country to be pillaged.

But Zegri, the bravest among the great captains of his nation, firmly replied that he would delay as long as possible the ruin of his country, and that he would defend Malaga for the one whom the Moors should proclaim their chief.

Ferdinand in vain persisted; neither promises nor threats moved the heroic governor.

The Spanish prince then commenced the siege of Malaga. His army raised strong intrenchments and his navy anchored near the city. The Christians found on the first attack they made that Zegri had infused his own unconquerable energy into the souls of his soldiers. If it was required to carry a hill bristling with cannon, it was done, in spite of the frightful carnage. Malaga was defended by several suburbs similar to citadels; thus, the sieges and attacks were multiplied. The Spanish artillery was numerous and perfectly equipped; the Moors, on the contrary, possessed only a few pieces of ordnance. But they coun-

teracted these disadvantages by frequent and murderous sallies in which the Christians were repulsed and their works ruined.

After fifteen days of wonderful resistance, Zegri was compelled to abandon the outposts. Zagal, who was on the road to Malaga with re-enforcements, had been met and beaten by Boabdil, and there was no further assistance to be expected. During this interval a contagious malady broke out in the Spanish army, and raised the hopes of the defendants; but the courage of the Christian troops was re-animated by the arrival of Queen Isabella at the camp. The operations of the siege were renewed with ardor, and blood flowed profusely on both sides. Every day the assailants opened breaches and made terrible assaults without gaining any advantage. Religious zeal redoubled the fury of the combatants.

An unexpected attempt had it succeeded might have decided the contest.

A Moor of Granada, who had acquired a reputation for great sanctity, imagined himself called by God to remove the yoke which threatened his country. He went to

the Spanish camp and demanded an audience with the monarchs, saying that he had something of importance to communicate. He was conducted to the tent of the queen's chamberlain, whose duty it was to present those admitted to her presence.

From the magnificence of the pavilion, the distinguished air of the lady and of Don Alvaro, father of the Duke of Braganza, with whom she was playing chess, the Mussulman was persuaded that he saw before him Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand. He suddenly drew a short poniard from under his cloak and struck at Don Alvaro, who avoided the blow. The fanatical Moor then aimed another blow at the chamberlain, who had fallen on the floor from terror, but that was also ill-directed.

The guards rushed in at the noise. The murderer, casting aside his arms threw himself on his knees and was slain, invoking the name of Allah. His body was shot into the city.

The besieged retaliated by sending the

corpse of a distinguished prisoner into the Spanish camp.

The siege became more vigorous; the Moors made more frequent sallies, but always returned with great loss, and there was scarcity of food in the city. The inhabitants in consternation supplicated Zegri to capitulate; the intrepid chief, remembering the desire shown to corrupt him, considered himself compelled in honor to a desperate resistance.

Besides, Zulphi, who was never absent from him, promised him in the name of Allah that the Spaniards would soon retire.

Deputies were sent to the Spanish camp with directions, should they not succeed in obtaining good conditions, to declare that the inhabitants, pushed to extremities, threatened to hang five hundred Christian captives, to fire the city and to bury themselves under its ruins with their wives and children.

The sovereigns granted the term proposed, promising to spare the lives of all in the city provided it were immediatetly evacuated.

The inhabitants, certain that the inflexible governor would reject such conditions, made use of deceit. On their return they hastened to raise the standard of Spain upon the principal tower of the castle, the tower of Homage, and proclaimed that they had obtained the benefits of a capitulation for Malaga.

The gates were opened by the populace amid joyful acclamations, notwithstanding the threats of Zegri and in spite of the garrison.

The people of Malaga suffered the penality of their weakness; their fate was severe, the most of them were reduced to slavery or sent to distant parts of Spain.

Zegri was allowed to retire at the head of his brave soldiers; he was conquered, but still respected.

This man, whose strong heart was inaccessible to fear, Ximenès had undertaken to convert from Mohammedanism to the Christian faith.

The minister was not discouraged by the reception his messenger had received; he

sent a second officer to the Moorish prince, who addressed him as follows:

"The cardinal, Sidi, leaves you free to preserve your religion, or become a convert to Christianity; he does not propose to force on you the true faith, but, if in three days you refuse to instruct yourself, the minister to secure the tranquillity of Granada will be constrained to send you to the interior of Castile."

The Moor replied in a few words:

"I will remain faithful to the worship of my forefathers;" and with a gesture dismissed the officer.

The evening arrived and Zegri sought in sleep the forgetfulness of his sorrows. He had scarcely closed his eyes when he heard the bolt drawn of the iron door of his prison. He raised himself on his elbow and fixedly looked at the entrance, wondering who could be the late visitor when the jailor had made his last rounds and the commander had placed the sentinel for the night.

The door opened and he beheld two sweet and lovely countenances.

"Amara! Boabdilla!" cried the prisoner, "what brought you here?"

They rushed to the arms that Zegri extended to embrace them: "To tell you how much we share your misfortune," the young girls answered.

The Moor held them a long time to his heart; he kissed their pure brows, and sorrowfully remarked the increased paleness of Amara's usually pale face; he spoke first to her:

"Child, why have you so soon returned from the country? Has misfortune weighed more heavily on you, or on the noble Count d'Aguilar?"

"I assure you, my dear second father," answered the gentle voice of Amara, "no evil has befallen either myself or your friend. Count d'Aguilar took Hassan, Boabdilla and myself to his place on the mountains of Alpuxarras, as he promised. There we heard of your captivity, and not being able to restrain our anxiety we implored our protector to bring us to Granada. The count agreed to abide by the decision of the physician of Badajoz, and Hassan,

fearing that alarm for your safety would injure our health, consented to our return."

"But they permit no one to enter here; who has had the power to introduce you?" demanded Zegri.

"We owe this blessing to the inexhaustible goodness of Count d'Aguilar, and also to another personage."

"I know the generosity, the devotion of Count d'Aguilar, but who is the other influential man to whom I am indebted for seeing all that is dearest to me on earth?"

"He is worthy of all your affection."

"Whom do you mean, Amara?"

"Hamar, your eldest son."

Zegri's brow clouded.

"Hamar! a traitor to our faith, to our race!" he said in a hollow voice. "Yes, he was, indeed, the object of my predilections, and I cherished him, but he then merited my preferences by his noble character and his brilliant valor."

"His virtues have augmented," replied the young girls warmly. "Do not repulse your son; he is more worthy than ever of your love."

"Enough! do not, children, recall the one whose conduct has given me the most poignant grief. No, it would not console me to see a man who could legitimately aspire to the highest rank among us deny Islamism, embrace an inimical faith, become a Christian priest, and, height of horror, enter one of those detested cloisters of which Ximenès is a member. I have cursed Hamar and I no longer acknowledge him as my son."

"Then, my father, you will also curse me, you will curse Amara," murmured Boabdilla, in a faint voice.

"What do you say?" asked Zegri, stupefied.

"We are resolved to follow Hamar's example."

"Do I understand you? You, a daughter of the Moors, you will adopt the law of Christ; and Amara, in contempt of her father's will, does not fear to imitate you?"

"Our souls have been enlightened by the faith of Christ," the two young girls declared.

"Ah! wretched children! you give the final blow to my overwhelming misery.

Aguilar has deceived me; he has betrayed my confidence, he has united with Hamar to seduce you from the worship of your ancestors."

"They strengthened our hearts, a long time convinced of the truths of Christianity. Thanks to their encouragement, we, at last, dare to profess openly the only true faith."

"Maledictions on the Christians, who destroy, one after the other, my holiest affections! May Allah's wrath never spare them, but pursue them to their last hour!"

Boabdilla softly said: "Christ's religion, far from relaxing the bonds of family union draws them closer together."

"Why did you come here, unworthy daughter of an illustrious race?"

"To conjure you, my father, to open your eyes to the divine light?"

"What do call the divine light?"

"The confession of Christ, the Son of God."

"You ask me to renounce Mohammed?"

"He is an imposter, a false prophet."

"Respect the religion of your father."

"Truth alone has a right to our homage; my father, be a Christian."

"Never."

"At least, allow us to explain to you the powerful motives which decided our change," supplicated Boadbilla, throwing herself at her father's knees and caressing his hand.

The Moor was much affected by his daughter's touching and convincing accents.

"I shall never have the strength to curse you as I have cursed Hamar."

He bowed his head on his breast and was silent. At length he said:

"Is the religion of Christ, then, so very pure and sublime that it can subjugate the hearts of such women as you and Amara?"

"The religion conquers all who study it in a proper spirit," replied Boabdilla.

The young girl, perceiving that her father was thoughtful and that his heart was touched, pursued:

"Hamar will visit you to-morrow; listen to his inspired words; deign to suffer him to speak to you of the Christian faith."

"Neither Hamar nor any other will

change me. But out of regard to your prayer, I will not forbid him to come."

The jailor announced to the young girls that the time allowed for the interview was past.

Boabdilla and Amara retired, happy in the concession they had obtained from the prisoner, and full of hope in God, Who changes hearts as He pleases.

The next day, Hamar, in his Franciscan garb, presented himself at Zegri's prison.

The Moor had passed the night in reflection, and his candid and loyal spirit was not averse to admit the light of truth. He received his son coldly, but without irritation. Hamar at once approached the great question of religion, and exposed in a lucid, eloquent, irrefutable manner the arguments which prove the divinity of Christianity and deduced by necessary conclusions the falsity of Islamism. Zegri at the commencement listened defiantly, but, by degrees, subdued by the triumphant force of truth, he did not conceal the interest that he began to take in the treatment of this grave subject.

Before the Cordelier left, the reconcilia-

tion of father and son was complete. Hamar had obtained unhoped for results.

The evening of his son's visit Zegri sent to Ximenès a message.

"I may, perhaps, accede to your request, but restore me to liberty; for if I take an important step, no one must have the cause to suppose that I acted through constraint."

The cardinal refused; but treated the prisoner with the greatest consideration, ordered him to be removed from the tower of Comara, lodged in a magnificent apartment, and attended in accordance with his rank. Besides, he permitted Hamar, Boabdilla and Amara to live in the neighborhood; and to assist the work of his conversion, the cardinal introduced to him several learned doctors. Zegri did not long resist the divine voice inviting him to profess the faith. He desired to be well instructed in Christian doctrine. Ximenès would not entrust this sacred duty to another. After several conferences, which removed his doubts and unfolded to him the truths of Christianity, the illustrious Moor demanded baptism.

Boabdilla and Amara solicited for them-

selves this great grace, and it was agreed that they should receive it at the same time with Zegri.

On the day appointed for the august ceremony, Zegri, Boabdilla and Amara went to the grand mosque, now transformed into a church, where they had often prayed when they walked in the darkness of infidelity. Hamar applied the regenerating waters of baptism to his father, sister, and the daughter of Feri. Ximenès was godfather to Boabdilla, the Count d'Aguilar to Amara, and Gonsalvo of Cordova filled this office in regard to Zegri, who took the name of the great captain with that of Ferdinand.

Before the Moor was admitted to baptism the minister offered him a pension of fifty thousand crowns from his own revenues. Zegri refused, fearing that he might be accused of changing his religion for gold.

After his baptism and some time later, Ximenès again renewed the offer, but Zegri was firm in his refusal. The cardinal would not be repulsed, and it was accepted by the new convert on condition that this sum should be wholly employed to procure the

conversion of the Mussulmans of Granada.

Zegri not only proved his sincerity in his new faith, but he displayed great zeal in propagating it. The influence of his example was considerable; numerous Moors renounced Islamism, and adopted the religion of Jesus Christ.

Boabdilla and Amara joyfully associated themselves to Zegri's labors, developing in their charity admirable resources.

The Moorish prince, henceforth free from all suspicion, remained in his palace with his daughter and Amara, and Hamar's visits to him were frequent.

IX.

THE APPOINTMENT.

THE health of Amara was not re-established; on the contrary, it seemed to be again impaired. Hassan was baffled, and, notwithstanding his skill, failed to ward off a renewed attack. This celebrated physician insisted more than ever that the invalid must leave Granada and breathe the pure air of the mountains. Zegri desired to follow his advice; but Amara begged him to defer awhile their departure. The noble child thought more of her neighbors' comfort and advantage than her own; animated by true Christian charity, she had the poor to assist, the sick to visit, converts to encourage, and she could not determine to abandon these works of zeal.

Zegri prevailed on her to consent, by

promising that he would take necessary precautions that none of her objects of charity should suffer from her absence.

The illustrious Moor commenced immediately his preparations to leave for his domains of Pulchena. He was compelled however to remain ten days longer in Granada, being detained by important business.

He hastened every arrangement and he had secured Ximenès' permission, who granted him full liberty of action, when one evening about nightfall, Aseri-Kolo, the guide who had conducted Hassan to Granada, entered his presence.

"Sidi," said the visitor, "will you grant me a moment's interview?"

"Willingly," replied Zegri, astonished at Kolo's mysterious air.

He made a sign to his servants to retire, and as soon as the guide found himself alone with the prince, he said:

"Yesterday, I was returning from Konda; I had traversed the lesser chain of the mountains, and approached Montefrio when a man accosted me.

"'You live in Granada?' he abruptly inquired.

"'I am the guide Aseri-Kolo,' I replied; 'every one is acquainted with me in the country.'

"'Return instantly to the city; see Zegri, inform him that some one will await him to-morrow night at the foot of the old ruined tower of Ar-Aman. Require him to be punctual to the appointment.'

"'I will fulfil the mission intrusted to me. Is that all?'

"'Be prudent, or you risk your life.'

"The unknown threw me a purse and rapidly disappeared."

"This man did not give his name?" inquired Zegri, surprised.

"No."

"Did you see his features?"

"Perfectly; I examined them by the fading twilight."

"Describe his appearance."

"His hair is short and rough; his countenance strongly marked and swarthy; his beard, thick and bristling, covers his breast; two scars cross each other on his gloomy

brow; he is tall and he appears to be old."

In this portrait Zegri recognized Feri de Benastepar.

"Very well," said the prince; "Aseri-Kolo, do not speak to any person of this meeting."

Having rewarded the guide, Zegri dismissed him.

"I will be silent as the dead," protested Kolo, placing his hand on his heart. "Sidi, do not forget: to-morrow towards midnight, at the foot of the tower of Ar-Aman."

"I remember," rejoined the prince.

Aseri-Kolo retired, loudly praising the master of the palace for his generosity.

The presence of Feri in the environs of Granada appeared strange to the Moor. He anxiously thought over what this proscribed man, upon whose head a price had been set, could desire. Did he wish to take his daughter, or renew some plot against the government?

Such were the questions which Zegri addressed to himself, and both suppositions seemed equally probable. However, he did

not hesitate a moment as to the course which he would pursue, and he resolved to meet the exile.

At nightfall on the day appointed by the guide, Zegri concealed his person under a large, dark-colored mantle and secretly left his palace.

He took the precaution, on leaving the city, to avoid being recognized by the sentinels, and soon reached the valley, which was at this hour full of freshness and perfume.

He followed a broken and solitary pathway through clumps of trees of dense foliage, and from the midst of them he saw the remains of a wall from which a thousand plants fell in festoons, forming with the mass of stones a grotesque and sombre picture. All around scattered fragments of the building were half hidden under weeds and thorny bushes.

This was the tower of Ar-Aman.

Zegri saw a shadow advancing towards him through the ruins.

The Moor stopped, and in a smothered voice demanded :

"Who comes?"

"Zegri, recognize in me a friend, and unhappy exile," said the man who came from the tower.

"Is it possible! you here, Feri!" murmured Zegri, receiving him cordially.

"Myself."

"Do you fear nothing in returning to this country?" said Zegri, pressing his hand.

"The stranger's bread is bitter, and I longed to revisit my country, to breathe, again under my native skies. I prefer to risk everything rather than leave my bones to bleach on a foreign shore."

There was a long silence; then the banished man resumed:

"Hasten to give me news of my child. If I cannot now visit her, at least I may hear of her."

"She is beautiful and virtuous. But alas, her health is delicate and fragile."

"Is she ill?"

"She has been seriously ill."

"What did you do for the restoration of her health?"

"When she was first attacked I called to

her aid the advice of the best physicians of Granada, and my daughter watched by her bedside day and night. Then, to please the prophet I sent to Mecca the thirty handsomest mares from my stables, with rich presents; I ordered that seventy camels loaded with magnificent gifts should also be sent there from Africa. I requested, at last, the attendance of Mohammed-Hassan-el-Abulmedar, the most famous physician in Spain, who came in all haste from Badajoz."

"Is my daughter still in danger?"

"No, but her condition requires the greatest care and attention."

"Does she suffer?"

"Do not be anxious; in a few days Amara will be in the Alpuxarras mountains. Hassan has advised the purer air of the mountains. He hopes the malady will be entirely conquered by her removal from the city."

"By Allah!" Feri murmured, in a gloomy tone, "this would not have happened had I not parted with my daughter!"

"I did all that was possible," replied Ze-

gri, justly wounded. "I could not have done more for Boabdilla."

"I intrusted her to you full of health and strength; and now, if I rightly understand, she is near the grave."

"Can we prevent the will of Heaven from being accomplished?"

"Woe to you and yours if Amara dies!"

"She will not die."

"To-morrow at the same hour," returned Feri, in a hoarse, and strange tone.

Without awaiting a reply from his friend he disappeared behind the ruins.

Zegri remained some time in the same place, motionless, stupefied, confounded by these unmerited reproaches. He compassionated the old Moor, and thought that misfortune had embittered his savage character, and the idea of his daughter's danger, the only object of his affections, had maddened him. Zegri slowly returned to Granada; he did not tell Amara of his interview with her father, fearing the effect of agitation on her health.

The following night, Zegri was punctually at the ruins of Ar-Aman. This time the

moon shone brilliantly in a cloudless sky and brightened the tower; the Moorish prince perceived Zegri, who awaited him, half reclining on a mass of stones. He was startled by the menacing, terrible attitude of the old man.

"Traitor!" cried Feri, "you are right to hesitate; you are conscious of your guilt."

"I have done nothing wrong," Zegri calmly replied.

"I know all," shouted the old man with increasing violence.

'What have you learned?"

"You have renounced Islamism for the cursed law of Christ; your daughter has imitated your fatal example. Not content with professing the abhorred faith of our conquerors, you have delivered Amara to the Aguilar, my mortal enemies, that they might seduce her from the worship of Allah. They have performed well their work; they have cruelly revenged themselves on me, since my child has received baptism and abjured the Koran."

"Your daughter has not been forced."

"You lie."

"I again affirm that she acted without compulsion and of her own free will."

"How comes it, then, that she has ranged herself under the Christians' standard?"

"She was convinced that their faith was the only true faith."

"She has been perverted."

"You are in error."

"I speak the truth; and you, how have you responded to my confidence? You have violated the holy laws of friendship, and abused the sacred deposit placed by me in your hands in the day of my misfortune."

"Feri, you are unjust to me; I had no other resource than to commit your child to the hospitable care of Count Aguilar: it was not only a question of health, but of your daughter's life."

"I would prefer to know that she was dead than to see her faithless to the worship of Mohammed. Seven centuries have passed, and never has a member of my family betrayed his religion; and Amara, the last scion of our ancient race, will make it end in dishonor. Aguilar, Zegri, you cover my old age with opprobrium. May

Allah grant me life long enough to avenge these outrages!"

Zegri was about to answer, when the noise of horses galloping through the valley, attracted their notice.

Feri de Benastepar trembled.

"Is this a new treason on your part?" he bitterly demanded; as he retired several paces towards the ruins.

"I pardon your insults," returned Zegri, with a sorrowful air; "passion obscures your mind, and prevents you from listening to reason."

"Go, perfidious man!" added the old man. "I renounce my child, henceforth unworthy of me. However, she will see me again, I hope. Tremble, both of you; you shall feel from this day the weight of my anger. Tell Aguilar that *him* I will never forget."

The Moor hastily disappeared.

Zegri shuddered at Feri's terrible words; he knew him capable of anything. He stood still in consternation at the miseries that threatened Amara.

The gallop of horses was heard more dis-

tinctly and soon the Moorish prince was joined by a few cavaliers coming from the mountains. At the sight of a man alone at the tower of Ar-Aman, they stopped and their chief, leaping to the ground, exclaimed:

"My father!"

It was Merwan, to whom the Moorish prince has sent a messenger, assuring him that he could return to Granada with perfect security. The young man had not renounced Islamism, but Zegri and Ximenès hoped that the example of his family would promptly bring him to the Christian faith. Merwan offered his father his horse which Zegri accepted. He did not tell his son the cause of his being at the tower of Ar-Aman at that unusual hour, and the young man did not inquire the motive of this mysterious visit.

X.

AN INSURRECTION.

THE reader undoubtedly remembers the Jew of El-Ramaroun Street, Hassan's old companion at the schools of Hammomet, Baltasar Hermansor. We have told that this strange man had abandoned the worship of Mohammed to become a Christian, and that he had retracted his hypocritical conversion.

About a fortnight after the second interview of Zegri and of Feri de Benastepar, we find Baltasar at home. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The atmosphere was heavy, burning, and laden with dust. Most of the shopkeepers were asleep under their verandas; all business was suspended.

The house of the Jew was the exception;

silence reigned every where else throughout the street. There the master displayed an extraordinary activity, in striking contrast with the general repose. Before his door, on one side of the street, were heaped small casks such as are used for the rarest and most exquisite wines.

Baltasar was occupied in rolling these casks to the lower part of his house, and he proceeded rapidly with his work, although it appeared difficult and beyond his strength on account of his advanced age.

Several men seated under the awning of a neighboring inn observed with marked interest the labor of the old Jew. Among these men was the negro Soliman. He looked covetously at the casks, filled, according to all appearances, with a delicious wine. The longer he contemplated them the greater the desire to gratify his taste.

From time to time the negro addressed Hermansor.

"Ho! neighbor," he said, "let me assist you."

"Thanks, thanks," replied the Jew.

"You are exhausted."

"Thanks, thanks."

"I have a pair of vigorous arms at your service."

"Useless to me."

"I wish to oblige you."

"I do not accept your offer."

Soliman had half risen, but crouched down again grumbling:

"What a cursed race are these children of Israel! Nothing can be had from them. They are pitiless."

The negro's companion, on his right, shrugged his shoulders, and, after a pause, Soliman said to him:

"What do you think, Aseri-Kolo, would not the wine these casks contain agreeably moisten my throat?"

"I agree with you; and I would willingly take my share of the spoils, in spite of all Mohammed's prohibitions."

"The prophet certainly lived in a country where they had nothing but water."

"Assuredly."

"How thirsty I am, by Allah! if this thirst is not relieved, my tongue will cleave to my palate."

"That would not be a great evil."

"What do you mean?"

"You would talk less."

"Do you think that I abuse speech?"

"I did not say that."

"The old scoundrel of a Jew makes me suffer torments."

"You must be satisfied with seeing without tasting."

"I lose all patience, Aseri-Kolo, and I will no longer suffer that we should thus be mocked by Baltasar."

The guide, a second time shrugged his shoulders.

The negro turned to his neighbor on the left, a tall, thin man, resting his head between his hands, and added:

"Now, Cannamarès, command this old sinner to give us wine."

Cannmarès raised his head, gazed first on the wild eyes of Soliman, and then upon the Jew's hogsheads, and replied:

"Have these casks paid the prescribed taxes before entering my kingdom?"

"Perhaps; but the silver has not been thrown into your coffers."

"In that case, confiscate them for our benefit."

"You hear!" cried the negro, rushing on the Jew; "your casks belong to us."

"I have payed my money for them," replied Hermansor, with evident anxiety.

"Our king, Cannamarès has ordered them to be seized. As his prime minister I must execute his will."

The Jew tried to protect his casks. Soliman observing Baltasar preparing for resistance, called out in a loud voice:

"Come, my friends! assist me in executing our king's orders."

The shopkeepers, thus exhorted, roused from their siesta, surrounded the Jew and the negro, the barrels still lying on the pavement.

The street was soon crowded by people, of whom not four in fifty had the least knowledge of the affair. Several dervishes and Morabites, among them Zulphi, joined the mob. The old dervish had not changed his dress, and the hypocritical expression of his countenance remained unaltered, proving the truth of the adage that "the habit does

not make the monk." Zulphi, pressing through the crowd, advanced to the front, opposite Soliman and Hermansor and immediately taking the lead, he addressed Aseri-Kolo, who, however, was merely a spectator, and was near Cannamarès.

"What!" he exclaimed, "are these barrels of wine the cause of this tumult?"

"Entirely," replied the guide.

"To whom do they belong?"

"To the Jew, Baltasar Hermansor."

"To that old knave?"

"To none other."

"It is incredible."

"Nevertheless, it is so."

"What is he going to do with the wine?"

"What is usually done with excellent Spanish wine?"

"This man has never been known to drink wine."

"When he was a Mussulman, he, without doubt, faithfully observed the prohibitions of Mohammed."

"And at this time?"

"It is entirely different."

"It does not appear so to me."

"The Jew has renounced Islamism to embrace Christianity."

"Well!"

"Do you not understand?"

"No, indeed."

'Now that he is a Christian he can drink at his pleasure."

"These cursed dogs have such ignoble habits!" murmured the old dervish. "Tell me, Baltasar," he added aloud, "was it to drink wine that you renounced your religion?"

The Jew made no answer; but a voice from the crowd sarcastically called out:

"Ha, ha! who is talking in this strain? Is it not Zulphi, the devout Mussulman who has allowed himself to be seduced by the Christians?"

Zulphi discovered the man who questioned him in this taunting manner, and replied:

"You should reflect before speaking."

"I have ascertained the actual facts."

"Are you, then, ignorant that the law of the prophet does not forbid a man covering

himself with a mask when obliged to yield to necessity? Does it prohibit him from deceiving the abhorred Christians?"

"Zulphi is right," the mob cried around him, "he is faithful to Islam's worship, and his heart has not denied Mohammed."

"He has not done like this miserable Jew, who, for seven years, pretended to profess Christianity," said the negro; adding, "Cannamarès orders you to give us some wine."

The Jew clung desperately to his casks.

"You refuse?" shouted Soliman.

"I defend my property," said Baltasar, in a subdued tone.

"Break open these casks," called the negro, brutally pushing aside the Jew. The mob rushed with him to the wine.

Whilst this scene was being enacted, a man appeared, who was strongly built and who had an energetic and determined expression of countenance. He threw himself with two attendants before Hermansor.

"Salcedo!" several voices repeated, "one of Ximenès servants, abhorred dog!"

It was, in truth, Salcedo, one of the confi-

dential servants of the cardinal, who chancing to pass and hearing the cause of the tumult, did not hesitate to interfere to protect the Jew.

"Begone, dog!" cried Zulphi, losing all control.

"On the contrary, I will remain," calmly answered Salcedo.

"What are you doing here?"

"My duty."

"Your duty, miserable spy," retorted the old dervish, "rather say, you are pursuing an infamous trade."

"I thought you were a Christian," returned Salcedo.

"It is true that I have for some time worn this detestable livery, and I proclaim it to my shame."

"I told my master that you were only a hypocrite; you will be punished as you merit."

"Look to yourself before threatening others, and fear that soon your detested religion may disappear from Granada with the power of your princes."

At the same time, Zulphi excited the mob

by his passionate language ; Salcedo, noticing the exasperation increase, made a sign to command silence.

"In the name of the sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella," he cried, "I order you to disperse instantly, if you do not wish to incur the severest penalties. Do not interfere with this man, who is a Christian. Is he not at liberty to descend, as often as he pleases to his own cellar?"

The crowd, instead of dispersing, rushed on the cardinal's agent with savage clamors.

Salcedo, not succeeding either by exhortations or threats, drew his sword, and his companions followed this example.

At this vigorous demonstration the tumult was appeased and the populace fell back.

In the interval, two Moors arrived, with whom Salcedo had had a dispute the preceding day. In connection with Zulphi these men renewed the quarrel, and overwhelmed with abuse the retainers of Ximenès.

"You are about to pay," they said, "for the outrage your master recently offered us,

and you shall learn what it costs to burn the sacred books of our law."

They were alluding to a recent act of the minister, who having had become emboldened by the numerous conversions which had daily occurred, in his apostolic zeal, ordered five thousand copies of the Koran delivered to him by the converts to be publicly burned in the principal square.

The cardinal refused to listen to the advice of the Archbishop of Granada, Talavera, or Zegri, who strenuously opposed this measure as imprudent and inopportune, because the Mussulmans were still in the majority. The Moors only awaited the opportunity for revenge. Salcedo and his companions gave the desired pretext. The populace, in fact, had been only for a moment, intimidated, and their unchained fury now knew no bounds. A Moor struck one of Salcedo's servants and killed him; the other shared the same fate at the hands of the populace. Salcedo himself was wounded and found refuge in the house of a friend, whose wife, a Moorish woman, effectually concealed him, though the

mob, thirsting for blood, forced open the doors.

The rioters, in paroxysms of rage, returned to the street, shouting the profession of the Moslem faith: "God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The whole Albaïcin quarter was inflamed with a like spirit. Shops were closed and arms distributed to the rebels, and from the houses rushed forth crowds of the disaffected.

This formidable outbreak, which assumed such proportions in a quarter of an hour, was unexpected to the people, and it had been from circumstances advanced by several months. A hundred thousand men soon appeared under arms in the Albaïcin quarter and in Granada.

The Moors advanced, pitilessly killing those they encountered; the Spaniards fled on all sides, as this immense multitude marched on, uttering cries of death.

The insurrection in a short time became general throughout the city; two hundred thousand Mussulmans, scattering death on their way, armed with every kind of weapon,

and conducted by fanatical leaders, terrified Granada by their savage threats.

This concourse of furious men directed their steps towards one point, the palace of Ximenès, which was situated in the heart of the Albaïcin.

The cardinal, when surprised by the riot, was alone with domestics in his vast abode and had only time to barricade the doors.

The mob, like a whirlwind, immediately surrounded the place, shouting menaces of destruction to Ximenès and all his associates. The domesties trembled at what appeared inevitable death, and Ximenès himself was uneasy. The danger was aggravated as night approached; the rebels commenced preparations in good order for the siege of the palace, proposing to attack it a dawn of day.

XI.

THE JEW'S OCCUPATION.

WHILST the insurgents were attacking the princely residence of Ximenès, a man entered the silent and deserted El-Ramaroun Street, and rapped several times at the door of Hermansor's house.

Ben-Zohra pushed open the door, which, by an unusual circumstance, was badly secured.

The darkness was so profound that the Morabite hesitated to advance.

We should state that Ben-Zohra, although arrested, as we have previously related, for his determined resistance to the exhortations of Ximenès, had been afterward released, although he had not embraced Christianity.

The other Morabites or fakirs who were

imprisoned at the same time had also been liberated. Ben-Zohra stood motionless on the threshold, repeating to himself: "Where can Baltasar be?" "Can he be engaged in this disturbance?" The Jew had not left his house; profiting by the diversion caused by the appearance of Salcedo and his companions, he had hastened to protect his casks from renewed attacks; and he promised himself to be more prudent in future.

In his haste Hermansor, as we have noticed, had not secured the door; the Morabite, consequently, easily penetrated to the interior of the Jew's abode.

After a moment's reflection Ben-Zohra groped his way through the narrow and dark passage and came to the open mouth of a cave. The Morabite descended a very rugged stairway, which was sticky from humidity.

Singular circumstance! In this cave, which was longer than it was wide, there was not a barrel of wine. When Ben-Zohra arrived at the extremity of the cave he discovered a kind of subterranean trench, which

he decided at all hazards, but not without disquietude, to enter. He dragged himself along for half an hour; as he advanced he heard above his head a confused tumultuous noise which shook the vault, and which was to him unaccountable. Suddenly perceiving a ray of light the Morabite hurried forward, and soon arrived at the entrance of a vast rotunda that appeared to terminate the subterranean passage.

Here Ben-Zohra beheld a strange spectacle. An iron lamp placed on a stone, lighted the excavation; on one side there was a man, his head uncovered, his arms naked, his eyes flashing, his ear pressed to the earthern wall in the attitude of listening; beyond him lay pell-mell various mining instruments and some arms; at his feet a book, and farther on in the shadow were placed in rows about fifteen broken casks.

Ben-Zohra in amazement vainly tried to comprehend the scene. He advanced a step, calling Hermansor, whom he had just recognized. The Jew trembled at the sound of a human voice, uttered a sharp cry and caught up his arms.

Ben-Zohra placed his hand upon Hermansor's arm and said :

" Look at me."

" You here ! " exclaimed Baltasar ; " how did you find the way to this vault ? "

" The explanation is easy."

" Let me hear, tell me instantly," insisted the Jew, losing all control of himself.

" Desiring to see you, I presented myself at your door ; I found it open, I entered, your cave being also open I descended ; this is the only mystery."

" At the last moment I have failed in prudence," murmured Hermansor, striking his brow, " but, with you I have nothing to fear, you will not betray me."

" If you mistrust me, you will offend me cruelly."

" Take this seat by my side, my old and excellent friend," the Jew replied, with more marked affection than usual.

Ben-Zohra seated himself ; then, fixing his penetrating eye on his companion, he demanded :

" Baltasar, will you reveal the meaning of all that I see ? "

"I will conceal nothing from you."

"You may rely on my discretion."

"Besides, I am confident that you will approve my design."

"Then what signifies this long subterranean passage through which I came?"

"The first half dates from a distant time; this underground passage opens into my cave through an entrance nearly closed which I discovered about six years ago."

"And the other half?"

"I dug it."

"You?"

"I, myself."

"Impossible."

"Why do you not believe me?"

"Because when I compare such labor with your strength, I regard the latter as out of proportion with the results obtained."

"What I tell you is nevertheless true."

Observing an incredulous smile wander over Ben-Zohra's lips, the Jew added:

"Are you ignorant of what patience and a persevering human will is capable of accomplishing? My body, Ben-Zohra, appears weak to you; it is I, however, I alone

who excavated the remainder of this passage."

"You have done wonders."

"It took me nearly three years to accomplish this work."

"How did you manage it?"

"My entire secret consists in the firm will to attain the proposed end; with an inflexible determination which is never discouraged, one can overthrow mountains. You see," pursued the Jew, with an expression of satanic pride, "whilst the stupid crowd thought that I was occupied counting my treasures or in usury, I mined day and night without intermission."

"What became of the earth that you removed?"

"I carried it to the garden or to my cellar; I have half filled the latter."

"What is the object of this frightful labor? I imagine that you have not continued this subterranean work for pure pleasure."

"That would have been folly indeed. But you shall learn all. Do you know where this rotunda ends?"

"No."

"Under the palace of Ximenès."

"Is that true?"

"Nothing is more certain."

"Can you divine, Ben-Zohra, what these casks ranged against the earthern wall contain?"

"I have no idea; perhaps, it is wine."

"Better than that."

"What is it then."

"Powder."

"By Allah! What is your design?" cried the astonished Ben-Zohra.

"What is my design!" repeated the Jew, with a frightful smile of hate and determination.

"I acknowledge that my mind cannot discover."

"Do you hear the tumultuous sounds above us?"

"Yes."

"The multitude are besieging the palace of the minister of Granada."

"Do you think that the rebels will succeed?"

"In what?"

"In taking the palace?"

"Perhaps they may accomplish their purpose."

"You are not certain?"

"It is not given to anyone to foresee the decrees of fate."

"True; but man, in a measure, can direct them."

"What do you mean?"

"If the insurgents do not succeed in forcing the cardinal's residence, I will, in my turn interfere."

"What is your project?"

"It seems to me that you have sufficient evidence."

"What! these casks". . . .

"Are destined to blow up the palace of Ximenès if the attack of the mob is unsuccessful."

At this declaration the Morabite shuddered with horror. He mechanically rose, wiping his brow, which was bathed in a cold sweat; but noticing the impassibility of Baltasar, he was ashamed of his emotion and again sat down.

"You are a Christian," observed Ben-

Zohra, "and you meditate the death of the Archbishop of Toledo, of the man who instructed you in your adopted faith, at the time of the edicts of Ferdinand and Isabella."

The Jew smiled bitterly.

"Ben-Zohra, he replied, "you have not learned in the mysteries of science to penetrate the profound mysteries of the human heart."

"I do not understand you, and your conduct is to me inexplicable."

"Listen attentively and you shall be enlightened. I have never been sincerely a Christian. I feigned conversion in order to avoid exile and the loss of fortune. I was not long in repenting of my concession, because I not the less lost my credit and my riches. Moreover, I attracted to myself the disdain of Christians and the contempt and hatred of Mussulmans. I did not, however, desire to retract. The better to deceive, I have for eight years pretended a profound attachment to my new religion, and I have submitted with an apparent indifference to the trials which resulted from the course I

pursued. I secretly fostered sentiments of hate and vengeance. None felt more strongly than I the affronts they put upon me, the injuries with which they overwhelmed me, the ignominies of my situation. Whilst all except yourself, cursed me, I meditated in silence and in solitude upon the means of punishing my enemies for their bad treatment, and of regaining by one stroke the esteem and favor of the true believers. Behold what I have done in secret. Ben-Zohra, would you have suspected this?"

"Never!"

"So much the better! not being suspected, the general surprise of our brethren will be greater."

The Morabite contemplated the fanatical Jew with admiration not unmixed with terror; his appearance, at this moment, was diabolical; his eyes flashed hatred and vengeance. The passion which possessed the wretch soon communicated itself to his companion, who exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Hermansor, your project is sublime; it is worthy of a true Mussulman. Your name

will become illustrious among us, and it will be honored by future ages."

"I ask nothing more," interrupted the Jew; "I work for glory alone."

"What is your design?"

"I have already informed you."

"I scarcely understood it."

"Have I not related how much I have suffered during the last eight years of shame and humiliation?"

"Terrible and implacable resolves were formed in my heart during those cruel years, and when this mine explodes the vengeance of my soul will be satisfied and that will suffice for my ambition."

"Honors do no harm, and they need not be rejected in advance."

"What should I do with them? Perhaps I may not survive my vengeance."

"Is the sacrifice of your life necessary to secure your design?"

"It is possible that the accomplishment of my work may require my life."

"A brimstone match, I suppose, will be sufficient to ignite the powder in the casks."

"Undoubtedly; and that is also ready,

and the fuse ends at the entrance of my cellar; but circumstances might oblige me to apply the fire to the powder itself. Besides, as I have decided to remain inside to watch the result of the enterprise, I expose myself to be buried under the ruins of my house, for the explosion will be frightful."

"Whatever happens, my friend, let me share your fate," supplicated Ben-Zohra, with exaltation. "Allah promises paradise to those who will do the most evil to the infidels; if we succeed, we shall obtain a high place."

"I accept your proposition," the Jew replied; "we have been united in life, let us not be separated by death."

This terrible conversation was abruptly interrupted by the noise of hasty steps in the excavated passage. The two fanatics arose with a bound, and Ben-Zohra seized an arquebus, the Jew a hatchet and an old pistol.

The two friends had scarcely time to put themselves in a guarded position, when the colossal form of the negro, Soliman,

appearing at the entrance of the rotunda; he rushed towards the casks, crying in a drunken tone:

"What good fortune! here are the casks of Señor Baltasar."

The negro chanted the first couplet of a bacchanalian song.

Ben-Zohra dealt him a blow across his shoulders, with the butt end of the arquebus.

"Oh, oh!" he yelled, "you are making merry here, you two!"

Returning to the entrance, he called aloud:

"Hello! make haste, Master Cannamarès, there are in this vestibule to hell, a troop of enraged demons who are drinking all our wine."

Then looking at the man with the arquebus whose face he had not yet seen, he shouted with laughter.

"There, there," he said, "may your blows be blessed, holy Morabite; I have never received any from a more venerable hand; and to compensate me for the pain, permit me to taste a little of this wine, of which I

have no doubt you have already taken full bumpers."

"Cursed dog!" replied Ben-Zohra, offended at the familiarity, "will you cease to blaspheme? do you believe that the true believers give themselves to such infamous orgies?"

"Do not excite yourself, respectable Morabite." . . . . .

Soliman, at this moment, perceived the Jew standing motionless, and regarding him with a sinister expression.

"I salute you, Baltasar," continued the negro; "know that this time we must and we will have drink. Halloo! Cannamarès, to the rescue!"

He had hardly finished when Hermansor, exasperated at the insolence of the knave, pointed his pistol at the negro's breast and attempted to fire, but being an old pistol, it flashed in the pan. Soliman was furious; he rushed upon the two fanatics and disarmed them in a few moments. Having accomplished this, he became calm, and said:

"I bear a good character, and I will not

injure it for a trifle. One cup of wine and I will think no more of this; but do not recommence or I shall continue this sport, and you will be the sufferers."

At this moment, Cannamarès appeared at the entrance, and with gestures of fear, the fool sobbed out:

"You have led me among demons."

"Not at all; console yourself, illustrious prince, and let us rejoice together, we are in the country of good wine."

Soliman recommenced his drinking song and approaching the nearest cask, he raised it like a feather and put his lips to the orifice.

"What are you doing?" cried the frightened Jew.

"How light this barrel is!" exclaimed Soliman; "drunkards, you have half emptied it; I will pay you for this."

"It is not wine," said Baltasar, in a hoarse voice.

"Then what is it?"

"Powder."

"Do you drink powder?" demanded the negro dropping the cask.

Ben-Zohra and the Jew rushed forward to prevent the contents being scattered near the lamp.

"Soliman, we do not drink powder, but we make use of it to rid ourselves of those whom we detest. Leave, with your comrade, before you are overtaken by some misfortune."

The negro hastily recoiled. The Jew continued.

"All these barrels are filled with powder, like the one you have just seen."

"How do you propose to use these redoubtable engines of evil?"

"I have no reason to conceal from you that I propose to blow up the palace of Ximenès. Does that displease you?"

"By no means. Ruin all Granada, if such is your pleasure; of what consequence is it to me provided that you leave some taverns standing where the landlords will serve wine."

"Ximenès is the greatest enemy to Islamism and he ought to perish."

The negro was thinking of something else. He was cruelly disappointed; he had left the mob hooting and shouting around

Ximenès' palace in order to visit the Jew's cave, and he was distressed at not drinking at his pleasure as he had anticipated; therefore, he was absorbed in lamenting the severity of his fate.

Cannamarès cowered in a corner, without uttering a word.

Baltasar seeing Soliman make no motion to retire, said to him:

"As you remain here, at least make yourself useful."

"In what can I aid you?"

"The hour perhaps approaches."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Roll these casks in a position which will produce the greatest effect when they explode."

The negro consented; and the three men commenced heaping the casks of powder upon each other to the top of the cellar. Cannamarès crouched at the entrance, kept silence.

Two men suddenly and noiselessly passed near the earthern wall and carefully examined the rotunda, taking care, however, not to be observed.

Cannamarès was frightened, but did not move. One of the men was none other than Costirabal, the governor's spy; under the brown mantle of the other, which was partly open, shone the cross of the order of Calatrava.

"See the excavation; see the powder," whispered Costirabal to his companion.

The two visitors, unperceived, advanced a step farther, increasing their precautions and attentively examining the interior of the cave or cellar.

Cannamarès, who had glimpses of reason, understood that they were the agents of the governor's police. Consulting only his own safety, he rose noiselessly, walked behind the strangers, gained the street, where he found neither guards nor soldiers, which astonished him not a little. He did not stop to listen to the riotous sounds which proceeded from the vicinity of the palace of Ximenès. He went precipitately to the inn where he unsually remained, removed from the neck of his mule the collar of bells which habitually decorated him, mounted him and soon gained the country, congrat-

ulating himself upon being wiser than certain men who treated him as a fool.

Before the Jew and his companions, who were occupied in the disposal of the casks, thought of retiring, the two intruders, having critically examined everything, left as silently as they had entered.

When they came to Baltasar's house, instead of leaving they closed the door and climbed by a small staircase to an upper room, where ten armed men, as motionless as statues, awaited them.

The Jew and his accomplices having finished their work, groped their way to the centre of the cavern.

"Now we will leave," said Hermansor, and taking the lamp and several weapons he made Ben-Zohra and Soliman precede him; at the entrance of the cave the Jew seized a match, and said:

"You notice that everything has been foreseen; with this I can fire the powder when I please," and a smile of triumph passed over his withered lips.

"I will stand by you," declared the Morabite.

"I also," added the negro, "only I pray you to inform me of the moment when you propose to commence the dance."

"Why?" Baltasar inquired.

"That I may go outside to enjoy the effects of the explosion!"

Having made this request, Soliman, who had taken copious libations during the day, extended himself full length on the floor of the cavern and slept profoundly.

The Jew and Ben-Zohra crouched near the fuse, ready to apply the match the moment they learned that the insurgents had been checked in their attack.

The disappearance of Cannamarès excited no alarm; the revelations of the fool could not be injurious, as no reliance would be placed upon his statements.

XII.

A DELIVERER.

THE position of Ximenès in his palace became more and more serious; the crowd of insurgents hourly increased, and terrific cries arose from the immense multitude.

The minister's palace stood in the middle of the Albaïcin, the heart of the revolt; the whole city was in insurrection; troops of peasants were coming from the mountains to join the rebels, and there was no hope of assistance. The Count de Tendilla might, perhaps, have succeeded in giving him aid, but the governor had scarcely sufficient forces to hold the Alhambra quarter. From the beginning of the revolt he had placed his garrison under arms, but he had only a small number of troops, and they were much weakened by detachments sent to

different points of the city or to the ramparts. Count de Tendilla was compelled to limit himself to keeping the Moors in check and in protecting the environs of the citadel.

He had, in truth, pointed his cannons on the city, but the darkness of the night prevented their use, and even in daylight, he could not order them to be fired, for fear that the balls might fall upon the minister's palace, or the houses of the Spaniards.

The situation was most difficult: the governor was greatly embarassed and Ximenès in imminent danger. Nevertheless, the cardinal organized everything around him for a vigorous resistance. He had the entrances to the palace strongly barricaded, he armed the domestics, furnished projectiles by tearing up the pavements of the courts and the halls.

The kitchens were transformed into arsenals where balls were cast, oil boiled, and resin and other materials prepared to repulse the assailants. Ximenès directed these preparations in person, encouraged his servants, who were entirely devoted to him, because he was a good master and did

not refuse when required, to work as well as to direct.

Several times the rebels, in deep masses, rushed upon the palace to begin the assault; but they were so energetically received by the besieged, who hurled on them paving stones, flag-stones, pieces of marble, and boiling liquids, that they soon renounced this kind of attack.

Retiring to some distance they deliberated on the means to be employed to obtain possession of the palace.

They seemed to have come to a determination, for an extraordinary activity soon reigned throughout their dense ranks, but darkness concealed their plans.

This interval only augmented the terrors of the besieged, whose resources were being exhausted. They incessantly heard the clamors of their enemies, and their threats of death, and they no longer hoped to escape.

Suddenly Ximenès, who shared the anxiety and alarm of his followers, saw, advancing toward him a Moor of imposing appearance. The sight of the Moorish dress

in his palace, startled him at first, and he thought the place had been forced; but his unexpected visitor spoke, and the cardinal was reassured upon recognizing Zegri.

"Prince," he exclaimed, "what have you come to announce to me?"

"Knowing you to be in peril, I hastened to offer you my services."

"Who admitted you into the palace?"

"I came by a secret door which one of your servants opened at my request."

"You see me in a wretched situation."

"It is not desperate."

"Do you not hear the cries of death that have resounded for some hours around my dwelling? Have you not seen the immense multitude that surround the wall of the enclosure and thirst for my blood? Who can preserve me from their unmerciful hands?"

"With the aid of God, I will."

"Have you reflected on all the difficulties?"

"I do not deceive myself."

"Do you not undertake an impossibility?"

"I have succeeded in coming to you;

why should I not be as fortunate in returning?"

"The Moors respect you, I have no doubt of that; but for myself, I am aware of their inexorable hate, they know me too well."

"I will save you, Señor, I swear it," replied Zegri, with animation.

"Prince, your noble devotion touches me, and I will ever remember it."

"You consent to follow me?"

"I do not refuse; but a disguise will be required."

"I have thought of that; dress yourself immediately, and let us leave."

"What direction shall we take?"

"Some friends await us at the secret door through which I came. We will be favored by the darkness; they will take us for a band of rebels and we will pass without peril, through the crowd."

"Where shall we go?"

'To the Alhambra, which is not threatened. I notified the governor of my intention before presenting myself to you; once there, we have no longer anything to fear from the insurrection."

The minister hesitated a few moments, divided between the desire to escape from his infuriated enemies and the apprehension of exposing to danger the generous Moor who offered to save him and his faithful servants, left alone in the palace. At length the latter considerations decided him, and Ximenès answered:

"I thank you, Prince, from the bottom of my heart; but I cannot accept your proposition."

"What prevents you, Señor?"

"There would be no difficulty were there only question of my own safety, but remember, should I be killed you share my fate."

"I have assured you that we run but slight risk."

"Admitting that my escape should be happily accomplished, could I pardon myself for leaving here my faithful followers? Has the pastor the right to abandon his troop to the popular fury?"

"If you persist you will assuredly perish in this palace."

"I will die with my servants or I will save myself with them."

"Your life does not belong to yourself, you owe it to the State; it is of so high a value that you cannot sacrifice it at your pleasure."

"Zegri, do not seek to shake my determination; I will not lay aside my sacred vestments, nor leave my palace. I will die, if required, for my faith and for the service of my masters. Go, prudence demands it; you destroy yourself in useless endeavors to save me."

"I understand," said the prince, "the sentiments which inspire your conduct; they are heroic; and I cannot find fault with your resolution. But I have still confidence that you will avoid the fate in preparation for you, and I will strive to save you by other means than those I have just proposed."

"Your efforts will be useless: our death is certain."

"Leave me free to act."

"No, no, I will not suffer you to expose your valuable life."

"To reassure you, I declare to you that I have no intention of remaining here; my

arms, although still vigorous, would be of little assistance. I leave the palace to work for your deliverance. I do not count on the Alhambra garrison; I have numerous friends. Nearly all the Morabites and fakirs who were instructed by you, have remained faithful to the law of Jesus Christ, and they will energetically aid me. Indeed, my conversion has not deprived me of all authority over the Moors, and I will use the credit that I possess, and I believe that I can exercise a considerable influence with the people."

"Act then, Prince, as you choose," said the archbishop, "and may Almighty God bless your generous efforts."

Zegri, certain that he could leave the palace unmolested, bade adieu to the cardinal, and at once occupied himself in executing the plan that he had conceived.

Ximenès' defenders passed the remainder of the night in great alarm. The Moors did not renew the attack, but at break of day, the small garrison of the palace was terrified at the sight of the preparations in which the enemy had employed the preceding hours.

They had collected and placed before the gates of the palace an immense quantity of combustible materials, and the infidels were already approaching, waving the lighted torches with which they were about to inflame the piles they had heaped during the night.

At this sight the minister's followers uttered cries of terror and of anguish. Losing all self control, they threw down their weapons and ran like madmen through the palace.

A confused murmur suddenly arose from the midst of the Moorish insurgents, who appeared to have met with some extraordinary obstacie.

The defenders of the palace rushed to the loop-holes to discover what had happened, believing that the work of the incendiaries had commenced.

A singular and imposing spectacle presented itself: the torches were motionless in the hands of the men who held them, and every eye was turned towards Zegri, who was observed on horseback, magnificently clothed, accompanied by his son and a retinue of friends and dependants, called

hastily together. The Moorish prince had the air of a sovereign in the midst of this silent crowd, but a moment previous so tumultuous, such was the effect of his dignified bearing and the influence of his commanding appearance.

With a gesture he obtained silence, and the noise of the multitude was calmed as by enchantment, the most profound silence having succeeded to stormy clamors.

Zegri then harangued the people in a clear, ringing voice, whose sonorous tones were heard at the palace of the cardinal. He represented to the insurgents the misfortunes to which they were exposing themselves, and the evils they were drawing upon the city.

"The kings," he added, "were able to take possession of Granada, in spite of our efforts, when we were completely armed and were masters of the fortress and of the citadel. Do you believe that we are more powerful to resist them now? Your revolt is senseless; behold the cannons of the Alhambra pointed on the city, and ready to destroy it.

"Reflect, listen to the voice of reason, do not reject the means of salvation that yet remain, and which I come to offer to you.

"To obtain pardon for your revolt, preserve the archbishop, do not attempt his life; let him be a sacred hostage in your keeping. I pledge myself to protect him in his palace, and I will answer for him with my head."

Zegri's influence over the Moors was still so great, and his eloquence exercised such a fascination, that no one replied.

The prince judged that the time had come to execute his design, and feeling confident that none would resist, he ordered the insurgents to remove the combustibles heaped against the palace walls.

They silently obeyed.

"Disperse now," commanded Zegri, "and return to your own homes."

The crowd again obeyed without a murmur, yielding to the ascendancy of one man.

The prince next presented himself before the gates of the palace and was received by

Ximenès with lively expressions of gratitude; he embraced him again and again, and shed tears of tenderness when calling him his saviour and liberator.

"You are to-day King of Granada, and you have proved that you merit a crown."

After a short interview, Zegri left the palace. As he was crossing the threshold he heard a smothered noise and the earth trembled slightly.

That was all: the Jew's mine had succeeded no better than the insurrection of the populace.

For a short time the city was in an agitated state, but the Morabites and the fakirs who had become Christians, neglected nothing to tranquillize the people. Their efforts restored order, and at the expiration of ten days all had resumed their usual duties.

But for the intervention and devotedness of Zegri this terrible insurrection would, probably, have triumphed, and the Moorish Kingdom of Granada would have been again established.

The co-operation of Zegri with the minis-

ter was heroic, as, in spite of his conversion to Christianity, had the revolt succeeded, Zegri would have been elevated to supreme power.

XIII.

THE NEGRO COURIER.

XIMENÈS only escaped one danger to fall into another, the consequences of which might have been very serious.

The minister had numerous enemies; his genius, his rank, the eminent position which he occupied, and, most of all, his influence in the councils of his sovereigns, had created envy and jealousy among the crowd of courtiers who always surround the great and powerful.

Ximenès had enemies everywhere, far and near; and they had many opportunities of injuring him, as he was absent from the court whilst they attached themselves to the king and queen.

The revolt of Granada, following after the visit of Ferdinand and Isabella to the city,

was unfortunate for the credit of the minister. He was aware that there were many eager to seize this occasion to decry and abuse his measures. It was, therefore, of the greatest importance to him to prevent unfavorable accounts being presented to the sovereigns.

The second day after the suppression of the rebellion, Ximenès turned his attention to finding a swift courier to carry his letters to Seville, at that time the residence of the court.

Seville is more than sixty leagues from Granada, and as high mountains intervened a swift-footed runner and one accustomed to climb rocks was preferable for the cardinal's mission, to a good cavalier. The minister had reason to believe that his enemies had anticipated him; it was all important to him to despatch a man capable of overtaking these hostile messengers; this was very difficult.

Ximenès confided his embarrassment to Zegri, who, from a friend, had become his intimate adviser.

"I know a man," said the prince, "who

would be admirably suited for this affair."

"Who is he?"

"A negro, named Soliman: he enjoys a well merited reputation as a swift runner; if you are willing to make use of him, I am convinced that he would carry your letters to Seville in three days."

"I will adopt your suggestion, although I never heard of so wonderful swiftness."

"I do not exaggerate, as you may be convinced by trying him."

"I will employ this man on your recommendation."

"In that case I will go seek him."

"Do not take that trouble," said the cardinal, smiling, "I have the negro at hand."

The minister explained to the prince, that Soliman had been surprised with the Jew and Ben-Zohra in the excavation.

In fact, at the time when the rebels were heaping inflammable materials around the palace, the negro was asleep in the cave of Baltasar, whilst this latter individual and the Morabite watched near the match destined to set fire to the powder.

Hermansor and his friend were informed in the morning of what had transpired outside, and now resolved to execute their wicked design. The Jew did not even awaken Soliman, but fired the match, which was rapidly consumed. The flame ran along the earthern walls of the cave and the two accomplices followed it awhile with their eye, and when it ceased to be visible, they waited breathlessly, but no explosion took place.

Baltasar ventured anxiously into the gallery and discovered that the match was extinct. It had been cut, undoubtedly, by Costirabal, during his visit to the cave.

The Jew, furious with rage, returned to Ben-Zohra and said in a hoarse voice:

"The match does not burn, time presses. Adieu! you will relate to our brethren my sacrifice for the triumph of Islam."

He pressed the Morabite's hand, rushed with his lamp to the casks of powder and quickly overturned the lamp in one of them; it produced a great flame, mingled with a thick smoke, which filled the rotunda; an explosion was heard, but caused only the

feeble commotion noticed by Zegri on leaving the palace of Ximenès.

Hermansor, however, congratulated himself that he still possessed fifteen casks of powder, a quantity more than sufficient to destroy not only the minister's palace, but half of the Albaïcin.

But the powder proved worthless, and thus this frightful attempt was unsuccessful. Costirabal, Count de Tendilla's skilful agent having discovered the Jew's project, never lost sight of him for a moment and watched all his proceedings. He called on the merchant of whom Baltasar made his purchases, and ordered him to sell the powder adulterated with a large quantity of charcoal. After he had taken these precautions, Costirabal allowed the Jew to continue his excavations unmolested. As we have related, Costirabal with one officer of the governor and ten soldiers, entered Hermansor's house the night of the rebellion, expecting to surprise him and his accomplices in a criminal act. The spy did not wish to stop Baltasar's work, or prevent the attempted explosion, because he hoped by

seizing his associates, to penetrate by means of their confession the secrets of the conspiracy. We know that the Jew acted alone, and consequently he could not throw any light on the plot.

The concussion produced by the powder only threw down Baltasar and a little earth in the rotunda; Soliman was awakened by it, and the Morabite, with great precaution penetrated to the excavation, amazed at the weakness of the detonation and anxious to know the result. He found Hermansor a prey to horrible suffering, as his body was partly burned.

Ben-Zohra and Soliman were carrying him to his dwelling, when they suddenly let their burden fall and with a cry of terror fled back to the rotunda. Costirabal, the officer, and the soldiers had descended when they heard the noise of the explosion in order to cut off the retreat of the accomplices, and they had stationed themselves at the entrance of the subterranean passage. At the command of their officer the soldiers seized the Morabite and the Jew, but Soliman made a desperate resistance. The con-

spirators were put in irons and thrown into prison. The negro had passed two days groaning in confinement, bitterly bemoaning his imprudence, and denouncing the Jew, when he was carried before Ximenès. The wretch expected to hear his death sentence and trembled in every limb.

The cardinal received him with a threatening look, and said in a harsh voice :

" Do you know that you deserve death ? "

" I know it," blubbered Soliman.

" You have been engaged in a crime which, if not frustrated, would have taken the life of thousands of human beings and have destroyed half of Granada."

" They deceived me."

" Make no excuse ; that is impossible."

The negro was silent and his terror redoubled.

" If I pardon you," added the minister, " would you be grateful ? "

" I would spend my life in serving you," murmured Soliman, to whom these words gave a ray of hope.

" I am informed that you are remarkably swift-footed."

"That is true, Señor, and I challenge any one to equal me."

"It is now required of you not only to equal but to surpass all others."

"Were they twenty leagues in advance I would overtake them."

"I will release you from punishment, and in return I demand of you to take letters to Seville. Is that requiring too much?"

"Ah! my lord!" . . . .

"How long will it take you to make this journey?"

"Two days will suffice."

"I will give you three; and, moreover, you may have until to-morrow morning to rest."

"You are, my lord, the best of masters."

"Take these letters, and remember they are of the highest importance. Here is a passport that will give access to their Majesties. Here are one hundred gold crowns and you shall have two hundred more when you return."

The negro was transported with joy at this wonderful change of fortune, and he could not express his gratitude. He pros-

trated himself before the cardinal and promised that he would become a Christian.

Soliman commenced his journey the following morning, as he had been ordered, placing carefully in his bosom the letters and his gold, and carrying in each hand a ball of amber. He scarcely stopped to refresh himself, and ran with such rapidity that he made thirty leagues the first day, nearly half the journey between Granada and Seville.

This would assuredly appear incredible if we had not the testimony of history; and the best annalists of the period have reggistered the feats of this famous African runner. The greater number of them relate that thirty leagues at a time was nothing extraordinary for Soliman, but simply an habitual walk.

The negro judged it proper to repose at Carusetta, a large village, situated at the foot of the Sierras, and four leagues from the city of Estepa. He selected an inn of good appearance, made an excellent supper; called for the best chamber, soon fell asleep,

resolving to finish his journey on the following day.

He was awakened in the morning by the noise of a dozen small bells, fastened to the neck of a mule, which a traveller was leading into the inn yard. Soliman leaping from his bed, ran to the window and to his surprise, recognized his friend Cannamarès!

The fool had never stopped a day since he left Hermansor's excavation. He greatly feared the agents of Count de Tendilla and imagined they were pursuing him. It had taken him three days to reach Carusetta, and man and beast were both exhausted.

The negro descended to the court as soon as he could throw on his light garments and embracing Cannamarès, he cried:

"How lucky, dear friend, to see you again! But how fatigued you are! Come with me and I will recruit your strength."

Drawing the fool into the large hall of the inn, he directed the landlord to furnish a most abundant repast and several flasks of wine.

The two boon companions emulated each other in eating and drinking.

"Would you believe," inquired the negro, "that I am on the road to fortune?"

"Impossible."

"It is true."

He recounted at length his last adventures, and told how Ximenès, instead of condemning him to death, had given him a hundred golden crowns.

"That," he added, "is not all."

Cannamarès was at first displeased with Soliman for serving the usurpers of his kingdom, but it was not long before the fumes of the wine dissipated these inopportune thoughts.

As the day advanced, the negro, from time to time uneasily regarded the sun.

"Are you going to leave?" asked the lunatic.

"It would be the wisest course; however, I have two days to spare."

The two friends continued to drink, and ended by rolling under the table; thus the day passed, and the negro did not recover his senses until the next morning. He paid the bill, and travelled in company with Cannamarès, towards Estepa. He renewed the

orgies of the previous evening in this city and was obliged to sleep there. The time fixed by Ximenès for him to reach Seville had passed; he had spent fifty pieces of gold, and on leaving Estepa he found that he had been robbed of the fifty crowns remaining. Being unwilling to separate from Cannamarès, he took two days to journey to a town within twenty leagues of Seville.

He said to Cannamarès:

"Friend, I am late; I must leave you here, and I will soon rejoin you."

Separated from his troublesome companion, he travelled with all possible diligence and reached Seville so late in the evening, that he could not present himself at the palace until the next morning, the sixth day after leaving Granada.

The enemies of Ximenès had expedited their couriers, who, though less active were wiser than Soliman. The sovereigns had already received letters from Granada. The most moderate were expressed in these words:

"The intemperate rigors and the deplor-

able administration of Ximenès have pushed the Moors to extremities. A great revolt has occurred ; the Granadians are masters of the Alhambra, have driven from the city all the Christians, and the rest of the kingdom prepares to follow this example."

It is easy to judge with what anger and indignation the sovereigns received the cardinal's message.

Soliman did not await the answer; he could readily divine that the effects of his conduct were very unfortunate, that the credit of the minister was seriously compromised and his own fortune ruined.

He rejoined Cannamarès much sooner than he anticipated, and left Seville immediately, but was careful not to return to Granada.

XIV.

XIMENÈS.

THE negro was not mistaken; Ferdinand and Isabella were greatly displeased with Ximenès. He received a letter from the queen, reproaching him for not having informed her in time of these serious disturbances. Ximenès perfectly understood that he was losing credit with the sovereigns and that his enemies were triumphant. He, therefore, sent to the court at Seville the cordelier, Hamar, the elder son of Zegri, in whom he placed great reliance.

Hamar had the happiness to inspire the king and queen with confidence in the truth of the detailed account which he gave of the events which had occurred in Granada.

The cardinal soon arrived, and his presence produced a great effect on the court and on

their Majesties. The genius and noble character of Ximenès was impressed on his countenance and person. The fidelity of the portrait which historians have given of him cannot be doubted.

He was a man of vigorous constitution, tall, straight and graceful; his body was finely proportioned, his voice strong and agreeable, his walk firm and dignified; he had a long and rather thin face, a broad forehead, unwrinkled even in old age, eyes, small and deep set, a long aquiline nose, and fine teeth.

Ximenès enjoyed health so perfect that it was proof against the labor of body and constant mental work. His great and elevated soul was capable of all good; no consideration whatever could induce him to dissimulate, and he was such an enemy to injustice that when he had the means, he never failed to punish it. His prudence and penetration were remarkable, and when he advised or supported a measure there were no obstacles which he was not prepared to overcome, nor expedients which he could not devise to ensure its success. In con-

sequence of his pre-eminence in the councils of Spain they were esteemed the most able in Europe.

He was slow in deciding, but extremely prompt in execution. He was liberal without display, learned without affectation, and exact in keeping a promise. He loved to protect good men and men of letters and genius; he possessed humble piety and fervent zeal for religion.

We must, however, acknowledge that these brilliant qualities, as is the case with all men, were accompanied with defects. There may be attributed to him some degree of pride, severity and ambition: he sometimes fell into a deep melancholy from too great attachment to his own views, and became a burthen to himself and others.

His simplicity of life was extraordinary. In 1495, whilst he was confessor to the queen, he occupied in the palace a plain apartment without even hangings: in winter as in summer his furniture consisted of a table without covering, two chairs, a bed made of three planks, a pallet, without pillows or covering; he used no linen,

always wore the habit of his order, which he did not remove even at night. Apart from his austere fasts, his meal was made of one dish of ordinary food. Occasionally he used a mule, but generally his journeys were made on foot. He possessed neither house, equipage nor retinue.

Ximenès led this life during some years; but when he was promoted to the archbishopric of Toledo and elevated to the cardinalate, he was compelled to yield to the exhortations of the Sovereign Pontiff and the king, and to change his habits.

A man of such character was a treasure, and his influence over his sovereigns was not entirely lost; the imputations of his enemies had only momentarily shaken their confidence, and the presence of Ximenès at the court soon perfected what Hamar had so well commenced; he put an end to the cabal and enjoyed a greater favor than ever. He promptly returned to Granada, after having concerted with Ferdinand and Isabella the best measures to be pursued.

He was received in Granada with a joy

mingled with solicitude. He gave audience to the deputies of the city, reassured them, declared to them that they were granted amnesty, but wished them to understand that this would not be extended to the inhabitants of the Albaïcin quarter, and that the latter must not expect the same indulgence.

Afterwards he caused it to be proclaimed throughout the city that the king granted full and entire pardon to the people, upon the condition that they would be faithful in future.

This proclamation filled the multitude with inexpressible joy, and for several days nothing was heard of but festivities; Ximenès alone was the subject of conversation, and the Moors called him the liberator of their country.

The Albaïcin was the exception. The inhabitants of this quarter remarked with terror that they were not comprised in the amnesty; at the least signal from Ximenès, they saw that every city of Granada was ready to march against them; they perceived certain suspicious movements in the garrison, and the cannons of the Alhambra

pointed in their direction. The consternation hourly augmented; the most culpable tried to escape, but outside of the walls they met small bodies of cavalry guarding the roads, and they were forced to return. Terror was at its height.

Ximenès one day abruptly sent for the prominent persons of the Albaïcin quarter; in obedience to the orders of the minister they went to the palace. In the saloons and ante-rooms they met the officers of the garrison, who, contrary to their usual custom, showed them no courtesy. At the entrance of the cardinal's apartment they were commanded to leave their swords and poniards.

Ximenès was alone with the Archbishop of Granada and the Count de Tendilla.

The minister received the Albaïcin chiefs with a severe countenance, reproached them with their revolt in the strongest terms, and announced to them that the king and queen had committed their fate into his hands, and that he was empowered to punish them according to the enormity of their offences.

As the minister ended he turned to the

Archbishop of Granada and solicited his advice.

The prelate, instead of deciding against the guilty, entreated their pardon in touching terms, the more touching as he was the most charitable of men and spoke from the abundance of his heart.

The governor, who acted in concert with the holy prelate, expressed the same sentiments.

Ximenès, apparently unable to resist so powerful intercession, declared to the Albaïcin leaders that he would pardon them in the name of their Catholic Majesties, provided that all the inhabitants of the quarter would consent to receive instructions in the Christian religion. He could no longer tolerate, he said, these perpetual hostilities in Granada; the inhabitants ought to be of one faith. Should these conditions not please the Moors, they could leave the country.

The chiefs of the guilty quarter and the people, who expected only the greatest severity, accepted joyfully and gratefully the cardinal's proposition. The results were so

favorable that the minister called this his greatest conquest.

In a short time all the Albaïcin quarter embraced Christianity. The other Mussulmans of the city, impressed by this great change gradually renounced the Koran and ranged themselves under the banner of Christ. Ben-Zohra, the fanatical Morabite, remained in prison, but at length recognized the truth, and his conversion was as solid as his blindness had been culpable. He begged to be instructed, but Ximenès, thinking that the request proceeded from fear of punishment resolved to test his sincerity. He declared that notwithstanding his conversion he would not pardon him, Ben-Zohra persisted and demanded baptism, which he received and at the same time his pardon, and he immediately entered an austere religious order.

Zulphi professed to be repentant, but the cardinal considered the dervish a hypocrite and expelled him from Granada. The wretch returned at once to Islamism and took refuge in the mountains.

The fate of Baltasar Hermansor was

most sad. The explosion caused a deep wound in his hip; he was taken to a hospital and placed under the charge of Mohammed-Hassan.

At the sight of the physician of Badajoz a diabolical smile crossed the Jew's lips.

"I meet you again, Hassan, he said, pressing his hand. "You know now how far I was a Christian."

The old man sighed, but did not reply. He employed all the resources of his art to cure Hermansor, and almost restored his health but he never felicitated him on the desperate game that he attempted, or upon his fidelity to Mohammedanism, because Hassan was himself preparing to profess Christianity. He had been induced by the virtuous examples of Zegri, of Boabdilla and Amara to study the doctrines of Christ, and he made his recantation at the same time as Merwan; the two received baptism from the hands of Hamar.

The day on which Hassan inscribed his name on the list of the glorious children of the Catholic Church, he learned that his old companion and co-disciple in the schools of

Hammomet the Jew, Baltasar Hermansor, was dead. The fanatic, on the eve of his trial, hung himself in his prison.

XV.

IN THE ALPUXARRAS.

AMARA and Boabdilla were in Granada whilst the events we have just related were occurring; and in the midst of these troubles they were incessantly occupied in the exercise of heroic virtues.

Detained by circumstances in the city, they holily employed their time in works of charity. The delicate health of Amara imperiously required a change of abode. Her fragile constitution could not long endure the burning skies of Granada.

Zegri watched over the young girl with paternal solicitude, and determined to profit by the peace that now reigned throughout the kingdom to take Amara to the mountains,

For the third time the Moorish prince renewed his preparations for this journey.

Amara and Boabdilla were to be accompanied by Inez, a daughter of Count de Aguilar, who was as lovely in character as she was beautiful in person, and worthy of the friendship of the daughter and ward of Zegri.

Merwan and Hassan proposed to escort the young girls as far as Pulchena, where they would await the prince, who would be detained same time longer in Granada by public affairs.

On the appointed day the band met in the court of Zegri's palace. Three superb litters were ready for Amara, Boabdilla and Inez. Merwan and Hassan, magnificently attired, bearing splendid arms, were mounted on richly caparisoned Andalusian horses. Two hundred cavaliers, principally belonging to noble Moorish and Spanish families, composed the retinue of the travellers. Three hundred men servants and one hundred women followed. The escort comprised more than six hundred persons.

Zegri, Hamar, Count d'Aguilar and his family came to say farewell to the friends

who were leaving. The count involuntarily shuddered as he pressed his daughter to his heart.

"It will be a pleasant journey, father," Inez said. "And my absence will be short."

"Who knows what may happen?" murmured the noble Spaniard.

Zegri was equally agitated by sombre presentiments, and he struggled against them in vain.

Merwan gave the signal for departure. The troop arranged themselves in order, the servants in advance.

When Merwan passed under the doorway of the palace, his lance struck against the arch and was broken. Zegri's countenance became clouded, his eye had a troubled expression and he murmured:

"That is a bad omen."

Hamar heard him and answered the remark.

"Father," he said, "all things are in the hands of God."

"God sometimes manifests His will to us by certain signs."

"Never by those vulgar accidents to which superstition attaches an importance they should not have."

"Listen to me," replied the Moorish prince, whose spirit was still somewhat imbued with Moslem prejudices; "when the unfortunate Boabdil left Granada to undertake the fatal campaign in which he was made prisoner, the lance of the great standard was broken against the arch of the city gate; it was a presage of misfortune."

"Be assured, father, what has just happened to my brother will have no influence over his destinies."

"God forbid!"

"He, undoubtedly, disposes according to His will of the lives of men; but He does not reveal His designs by these omens that chance may possibly realize, but which it generally belies. Rather fear that God might punish such vain observances."

Zegri made no reply, but he ordered another hundred cavaliers to join the troop and conducted them himself beyond the walls of the city.

The large and brilliant cavalcade, led by

Merwan, followed through the country the winding course of the Daro.

The travellers were about two leagues from Granada when a deer emerged from a thicket by the banks of the river and ran slowly twenty paces in advance of the troop; three hundred arrows, two hundred arquebuses were aimed at him at once. The most awkward huntsman could not have failed to wound the animal at the first shot, but not an arrow or a ball struck him; a murmur of astonishment arose from the men of the cavalcade, and they looked at each other with a kind of terror. The deer continued his course without appearing to be the least frightened by the whistling of the bullets. The cavaliers reloaded their weapons, and some fired a second time, but the animal did not deign even a startled movement, and disappeared unharmed in a thicket.

There was a long silence; then a Mussulman said: "The hand of fate is upon us!"

"My father was right," added Merwan, whose spirit was not entirely freed from

the superstitious beliefs of Islamism; "fatal omens pursue us; some evil will happen."

"The same thing occurred to Boabdil," remarked Hassan; "that prince was following the banks of the torrent of the Veyro, when a fox suddenly appeared and passed not more them fifty paces in front of the army. Thousands and thousands of darts flew towards him, but the animal remained untouched. This augured badly for the campaign, which was, in fact, most disastrous for Boabdil."

No one commented on these words, and the journey was pursued in gloomy silence. The three young girls, who had seen and heard everything from their litters, participated in the general sadness, although they were not infected with common superstition.

The cavalcade journeyed for three days, a prey to despondency and momentarily expecting some unknown and mysterious danger.

To arrive at Pulchena, a small village in the neighborhood of Zegri's domain, it was necessary to pass nearly through the whole chain of the Alpuxarras. After a pain-

ful march of five days, the travellers came to a long, narrow defile, winding across peaks and broken rocks; they halted some hours to refresh themselves before entering this pass; then the band re-formed in good order and recommenced the journey. The day was disagreeable, and when evening came they were three hours distant from the outlet of the pass. The cavaliers hastened to profit by the last declining rays of light to arrive at the resting place where they proposed to pass the night. They suddenly heard a strange whistling in the distance; this was followed by long shouts, which reverberated along the heights of the mountains, and awoke the innumerable echos of this wild solitude. By degrees the tumult became so frightful, that it might have been taken for a convulsion of nature.

The cavalcade stopped, stupefied; and the cavaliers saw with terror on the summits of the mountains overhanging the defile thousands of armed mountaineers, who threatened them by voice and gesture. They comprehended at a glance that they had fallen into the hands of the peasants,

recently roused to revolt, and that escape was impossible.

Each in agony turned to Merwan to receive orders. Zegri's son in this pressing danger preserved his coolness and admirable self-possession ; he directed the men to form in an elongated circle, to place the litters in the centre, and to proceed in good order, sheltering themselves as far as practicable. This manœuvre was rapidly executed, and the troop slowly advanced. They attained a spot where the defile enlarged, but only again to close abruptly.

Merwan commanded a halt, as it was impossible to proceed without being completely crushed by the stones which were thrown from the crests of the mountains, and as night approached, the number of enemies increased. According to the orders of their chief the cavaliers stopped and a mournful silence prevailed. Merwan, seeing his men placed as he desired, approached the litters. The young girls trembled with terror, and Amara was deathly pale.

"We shall perish," said Boabdilla.

"Do not alarmed," replied Merwan, who

forced himself to inspire his companions with a confidence which he did not partake ; "nothing is desperate."

"But the attitude of these mountaineers is hostile."

"Undoubtedly ; however, there is nothing to prove that it is for us they are watching."

"They have already assailed us with stones."

"I think they will permit us to pursue our route undisturbed when they discover that our intentions are pacific."

Boabdilla sighed, and Amara was not reassured.

The travellers passed the night under arms and in the same position they had assumed in the evening. Full of solicitude they awaited the return of daylight.

The heights of the mountains were illuminated during the night by fires built by the peasants, who, at intervals, renewed their terrific cries.

The dawn at length opened, and seemed to be the enemy's signal for attack ; they rushed from the mountain sides with savage yells upon the cavaliers, who pressed closer

together on their approach. The shock was terrible: the mountaineers were at least three thousand, against six hundred opposnents and they had, besides, the advantage of position.

The combat was furious and it presented a terrible spectacle during the hour it lasted.

Merwan's cavaliers, indignant at this cowardly ambush defended themselves with the rage of despair. They were almost all wounded, one after the other; but they sold their lives dearly.

The servants shared the same fate, after having made a valiant resistance.

There seemed to have been some order given for the protection of the women: they were unharmed. Merwan, standing with his back to their litters, combated with heroic courage.

Zegri's son was assailed by a man of lofty stature, whose black eyes flashed like lightning, and whose blood-stained sabre attested the part that he had taken in the engagement.

Merwan recognized him at once, although he had not seen him for seven years.

"Feri de Benastepar," he murmured, "is it possible that you have laid for us this infamous snare?"

"I come to acquit the debt of vengeance that I have contracted with your father."

"What are you saying? I do not understand."

"Your father will understand, and that will answer," replied Feri, in a gloomy tone.

As he advanced to the young man, the astonished Merwan inquired:

"What evil have I ever done you?"

"Do you dare to ask that?"

"Are not my father and myself the protectors of your daughter? For seven years, Amara has been sheltered at our hearth and received from us the most respectful attentions. Is it for these acts that you would punish Zegri?"

"He has violated his solemn pledge to me."

Feri pointed his sword at Merwan's breast, whose stupefaction was so great that he neglected to guard himself.

When Amara heard her father's name, she attempted to leave her litter, and

Boabdilla would have followed her example, but the two girls, terrified at the bloody scene which they witnessed, had not strength to move.

Feri's daughter uttered a cry of anguish which made the old Moor tremble, and increased the paroxysm of his fury. He plunged his sabre into Merwan's breast, who fell, mortally wounded.

Amara and Boabdilla fainted at the sight.

Inez lay inanimate upon the cushions of her litter.

The combat was over. All the men who accompanied the young girls had been either massacred or taken prisoners. Feri ordered his troop to take possession of the three litters.

Hassan had never left the young girls, and had bravely defended them as far as his strength would allow. Feri de Benastepar was going to kill the physician of Badajoz ; but he suddenly withheld his arm and demanded of the old man :

" Are you Mohammed-Hassan ? "

" Yes, your daughter's physician."

" Fear nothing : I give you life, because

I know that your cares saved Amara and they are still necessary to her; you will accompany her to the place whither I am going to convey her."

Hassan did not reply; he could but yield to the stronger power. He suppressed his grief for the death of Merwan, and reflected that he could still be useful to the three young friends who had so unfortunately fallen into the power of the most fanatic of Mussulmans.

XVI.

ALHAMA.

On the morrow of this fatal day the great standard of the prophet, surmounted by the crescent, floated over the most elevated peak of the mountains of Alpuxarras; the mountaineers came from all parts to range themselves under the flag of rebellion, and to take the oath upon the pages of the Koran, to combat and to die in order to recover their independence.

Such enthusiasm had never before been seen; the peasants rushed by thousands, almost without weapons, offering their lives for the holy warfare. As they arrived they were received by Feri de Benastepar, who assigned them their rank in his troop. The old exile had himself given the signal for insurrection the previous evening. He

had by his intrigues provoked the last revolt in Granada. Animated by blind rage, he recommenced in the mountains the furious and implacable war which he, heretofore, had carried on against the Spaniards under the Moorish kings.

The terrible chief was soon at the head of forces numerous enough to take the field and attack the cities occupied by Christians.

He counted upon bringing the rebellion to a happy issue about the winter 1499–1500, relying upon the difficulties of the passage across the mountains; difficulties so great that a small force could stop entire armies.

Feri's confidence in these obstacles, which to him appeared invincible, and above all, his hatred to Zegri and Count d'Aguilar urged the chief to declare himself prematurely, before his measures were well arranged. At his instigation the revolt, which he had directed from his African exile, suddenly burst forth.

In another point of view the hour chosen appeared to him propitious; the Spanish

government believed the insurrection had been completely suppressed by the submission of Granada, and had, in consequence, recalled the great Gonzalès from his command in Alpuxarras.

Count d'Aguilar replaced the illustrious captain. This nobleman, grievously afflicted at the loss of his daughter, who was captured with Amara and Boabdilla, precipitated his preparations of departure with the hope of surprising the enemy and delivering Inez. Zegri, who was not less distressed, sent to the count a certain number of soldiers armed at his own expense.

Alfonso d'Aguilar promptly took the field at the head of two small corps confided to him by King Ferdinand. Obeying the king's orders, he entered the mountains by the most difficult and least accessible passes, and which would naturally be the least guarded.

Ferdinand, on his part, marched with the militia of the country and some regular troops. The king chose the road which the Moors expected him to take; it was the best, and they thought that the struggle would

be concentrated there. Nearly all the soldiers were employed defending this passage.

But Ferdinand did not depend on the militia for such an enterprise; he only designed to amuse the enemy until the troops of Count d'Aguilar were prepared to attack the Moors in the rear. He therefore remained several days inactive in his intrenchments, to the great surprise of the infidels, who could not divine the motive of the halt.

In the evening the heights behind the rebels were illuminated with fires. Ferdinand gave a joyful exclamation; these fires were the signals agreed upon between himself and Count d'Aguilar. At break of day the royal troops left their lines and placed themselves in battle array. Count d'Aguilar had already commenced his attack in the rear upon the Moors.

This unexpected assault threw the infidels into great consternation. The count, profing by their stupor, advanced his forces rapidly and threw them into disorder. In the meantime, the king attacked the rebels in front.

In spite of Feri's desperate efforts, the Mussulmans threw down their arms and took to flight ; but hemmed in as they were, between two armies, retreat was impossible, and the greater number submitted.

Feri de Benastepar escaped with great difficulty with a few cavaliers.

Count d'Aguilar penetrated farther into the mountains, not so much to give chase to the fugitives as to release the prisoners who he rightly supposed had been carried away by Feri. Alfonso rapidly conducted this expedition, took possession of all the important places, obliging the inhabitants themselves to destroy the walls. He sent the principal personages of the city as prisoners to Ferdinand, in order that they might serve as hostages to the king and answer for the fidelity of their countrymen. Count d'Aguilar retired, leaving everywhere sanguinary marks of his victory, but without having discovered a trace of the captives.

In obedience to the king's orders, the Spanish leader abandoned the Alpuxarras, now devastated by fire and sword, and re-

descended to the plains. Feri de Benastepar, at the head of a scattered band of guerillas, incessantly harassed the royal troops and avoided being himself surprised; he penetrated the deepest and closest of the mountain ridges, and in two days reached the foot of a chain, called now the chain of Loja; the aridity of these peaks gives them an indescribable aspect of desolation. After a day's ascent, Feri arrived at a walled town of Moorish architecture. The small city of Alhama is the most elevated in Europe above the level of the sea; during six months of the year it is embedded in snow, the other six it is burned by the sun.

The crescent glittered over the towers of Alhama, and the doors opened at the command of Feri and his band. The old Moor had taken possession of this place on his return from Africa, and had defended it against the attacks of Count d'Aguilar. There mourned the three captive girls; and the Spanish chiefs were confident that Alhama was their prison. Feri had closely imprisoned Boabdilla and Inez in one of the strongest towers of the city, and destined

them to gratify his vengeance. Amara enjoyed some liberty, though Feri had warned her that the least attempt on her part to escape would cost the lives of Boabdilla and Inez. Mohammed-Hassan had permission to accompany Amara; but a soldier always attended them. The Moorish chief proceeded to his residence immediately on his arrival, where he sought his daughter and Hassan, with glaring eyes and frowning brow.

"Amara," he said in a stern voice, without replying to his daughter's salutation, "do you persist in your disobedience?"

"I accomplish the will of God and follow the dictates of my own conscience," whispered the young girl, prostrated by the excitement of the preceding day.

"You shall abandon the cursed religion which they have perfidiously made you embrace."

"I again affirm, my father, that I have acted with full liberty. The divine truths have so enlightened my soul that I could but confess the divinity of Christianity."

"You refuse to satisfy me?" exclaimed Feri in a wrathful tone.

"I would like to please you, but my conscience forbids it."

"I give you a month to reflect."

"It is unnecessary."

At the end of this time," pursued the old Moor, without heeding Amara's reply, "I will return, and if you continue to reject the worship of your fathers, the religion of Mohammed, you shall feel the power of my anger."

"What will you do?"

"Your companions who aided in seducing you—"

"They had nothing to do with my change of religion."

"Their parents were the cause of it. Hear me: they shall perish and you shall go to Africa."

"Christ teaches that it is a happiness to die for the faith."

"Your life shall be preserved, your friends shall die."

"Thanks for them," said Amara.

"It is in your power to save them."

"What can I do?"

"Abjure the doctrines of Christ."

"They would despise me were I so unfortunate as to purchase their lives by my apostasy."

"Remember my words; in one month I will hear your decision."

He proceeded immediately afterwards to the tower where Boabdilla and Inez were detained; these noble Christian ladies were not alarmed at the sight of the trembling lips, bent brows and angry eyes of their cruel enemy. Misfortune, added to the consciousness of the great cause for which they suffered, gave them an extraordinary self-possession, the firmness and endurance of their race was reflected in their countenances, and they were ready to meet death unappalled.

"Are you still determined not to submit?" demanded the Moor.

"Ask anything reasonable, Sidi," replied Boabdilla, "and we will make you every possible concession."

"Recollect that I am absolute master of your persons."

"You deceive yourself."

"Are you no longer in my power?"

"Assuredly, our bodies are in your hands, and you are free to dispose of them according to your will."

"What does this language mean?"

"That our souls are not affected by all that your hatred can inflict."

"I know how to compel you to accede to my will."

"You will find yourself powerless."

"Tremble, because my heart will be inaccessible to pity."

"If you are so cowardly as to assault women, our Lord will give us strength to suffer all that you may order, rather than permit us to offend Him."

"I give you one month to reflect; at the expiration of that time, if you refuse to profess Islamism, you shall perish."

"If you execute your threats, you will procure for us the signal honor of martyrdom and the incorruptible crown of heaven."

"Adieu, then. I swear by the name of Allah if you are not Mohammedans at the period that I have fixed, I will deliver you to the most horrible torments."

Feri de Benastepar left the young girls with frightful menaces, and the next morning he returned to the mountains to reanimate the zeal of his partisans and to prepare another revolt.

He left a large garrison in Alhama, ordered the guard of the prisoners to be redoubled, and forbade his daughter to be allowed to leave the enclosure.

The unfortunate girl had, until this moment, enjoyed some distraction by a promenade which she took every day on the mountains towards the road of Veler-Malaga. This route commences at the Puerta-Zaflaraga; which is, in reality, a gate or doorway hewn by nature in the midst of high rocks. There, Amara loved to sit and think of her absent friends.

Nothing is more beautiful than the spectacle presented from this spot at the termination of the gorge of the mountains. The ravished eye looks down on the southern slope of the Betigue range, upon the coasts of the kingdom of Granada, upon the Mediterranean and upon the African shores.

As Amara's only pleasure in her half

captivity had been forbidden her she confined herself to her apartment. A frightful future was ever present to her mind: exile, a life of trials and of tribulations, then, death in a strange land; these were her anticipations.

Amara was one day allowed to visit her friends in their prison.

"Is Hassan at liberty?" Inez inquired.

"He is not imprisoned but he is carefully watched."

"Why do you not suggest to him to escape from his guards?"

"For what purpose?"

"He would inform my father that we are captives at Alhama."

"Do you think that he is ignorant of it?"

"Most certainly."

"Hassan would also see my father," added Boabdilla. "From the moment that Zegri and Count d'Aguilar are informed of our fate, everything man can do, will be done to deliver us."

"I will speak to the physician of Badajoz this evening," Amara replied."

Three days afterwards Hassan succeeded n leaving Alhama.

The governor of Alhama was as ferocious as his master, and when he heard of the escape of the old man he increased the bad treatment of Boabdilla and Inez, and commanded a stricter watchfulness over the movements of Amara; and the guards whom Hassan deceived were impaled on the ramparts.

XVII.

THE RED MOUNTAIN.

MOHAMMED-HASSAN safely traversed the guarded mountain passes. He first sought Count d'Aguilar and found him at Alcala-Real and gave him information and the necessary instructions in regard to the Alhama prisoners; then he repaired to Granada to fulfil the same mission to the unfortunate Zegri; of all his children, Hamar alone was left.

Count d'Aguilar, justly alarmed about the fate of his daughter, immediately assembled all the troops that he could collect and took the route to Alhama; although a thousand obstacles beset his path, the count thought nothing of the difficulties, considered only the end to be attained and hastened his march, fearing to be too late.

When he reached the mountains the revolt had already commenced. It was less redoubtable then the first ; it did not alarm Ferdinand, who expedited reinforcements to Count d'Aguilar. Alfonso d'Aguilar pushed on in the direction of Alhama ; he learned on the way that the rebels were augmenting their forces daily, and that they had taken possession of several cities, Margena, Adra and Castil de Fero.

The zeal and ardor of the Spanish chieftains was stimulated, if possible, and his anger increased by the sad details of the horrors committed at the places taken. He accelerated his march, beating the Moors wherever they met, putting them to the sword and abandoning the prisoners to death, sacking cities, burning villages, ravaging fields, leaving terrible examples everywhere.

The ire of Alfonso d'Aguilar and his soldiers was unbounded ; it was in reality a storm of carnage, fire and ruin. War was never more cruel, more pitiless.

The Moors thought not of resistance, but recoiled with terror before this impetuous

torrent. They furiously defended the road to Alhama. Their remaining bands, collected from all parts, rallied on a high mountain covering the immediate approach to the city, and which was called the Red Mountain, probably because of the color of the arid soil and the calcined rocks.

Upon this summit, the most craggy of the Alpuxarras, Feri de Benastepar had assembled the wreck of his army, and the women and the children they had been able save from the sack of Monarda, the last of the cities reduced by Count d'Aguilar.

The Moors occupied a formidable position, skilfully intrenched behind the crests and protected by protruding rocks. Here they decided to fight their last battle, to play their last stake, and Feri had great hopes of success.

Alfonso d'Aguilar pursued the Mussulmans with such ardor that he arrived at the foot of the mountain as they reached the summit. It was three o'clock in the morning; the count hardly allowed his troops the necessary repose before he gave the signal for attack. The Spanish army scarcely

equalled the Moors, but the Christian soldiers were incomparably superior. Many of them were Gonsalvo's veterans, or old warriors, who had made all the campaigns of Granada with the great captain.

At the command of their leader the soldiers, in admirable spirits and with great ardor commenced to scale the abrupt declivities of the Red Mountain.

The infidels rolled stones and pieces of rock on them. The Spaniards let the avalanche pass, which crushed many of them, and then proceeded valiantly on their course, exciting each other mutually by word and gesture. One hour was consumed in this perilous ascent before the Christian soldiers reached the Moorish position; many heroic incidents had occurred, and Count d'Aguilar had always chosen for himself the post of danger and he was constantly at the head of his little army.

The Moors were astonished at the success of this frightful escalade and they retired precipitately behind the rocks, their last barricades, from whence they engaged in a furious conflict. Then the real struggle

began, bloody and terrible, between armies equally determined to conquer or die.

The Spaniards attacked the infidels with vigor and desperation; the voice of Feri was heard above the battle din, encouraging the Moors. The first regular assault was succeeded by a long contest; a thousand combatants disputed here a rock, there an inch of ground.

In spots where two men had hardly foothold, several would rush, combating hand to hand; all at last, dashed to the foot of the mountain, where they might be seen, crushed and mangled but not separated.

On every side were heard blows and cries of fury and hatred, invocations and blasphemies. Swords crossed, the cross and the crescent interlaced; the intoxication of carnage possessed the combatants; a cloud of dust, charged with acrid vapors of blood, floated above the field of battle and enveloped it with a sombre, gloomy veil—a frightful spectacle! The solitude of the neighboring mountains resounded with tumultuous echoes; as the sun disappeared below the horizon the immense disk seemed

to be tinged red with the blood that watered the earth.

The two chiefs, Aguilar and Feri, suddenly met face to face, their eyes glaring, and their swords from the point to the hilt running with blood.

The two foes measured each other with a look, then rushed to the strife like two lions, roaring with fury.

Count d'Aguilar was too impetuous to calculate the effect of his blows, but Feri de Benastepar was calmer and studied the the results of his efforts.

The combat lasted about a quarter of an hour, with equal chances on both sides. The Spaniards suddenly uttered a cry of anguish and the Moors applauded with transports: Alfonso d'Aguilar, the brother of the great captain, and the most valiant man of the peninsula, next to Gonsalvo de Cordova, had fallen mortally wounded in the throat. The issue of the battle was no longer doubtful; the Mussulmans had repulsed the Christians. The force of the Christians had already been weakened, but now that their noble leader was expiring on

the ground, they sadly contested the ground foot by foot, defending themselves bravely.

The Moors, conducted by Feri, fought with renewed zeal, shouting joyfully, and they were already intoning triumphant chants, but their joy was short lived. The warlike notes of trumpets were suddenly sounded in their ears like thunder, and fresh troops poured from a thin woods, which had been the base of the operations of the infidels, charged and overthrew them with lightning speed.

Zegri had arrived in time to take part in the struggle which was to decide his daughter's safety.

The king placed Zegri, who had heard from Hassan of the imprisonment of the young girls, at the head of a band hastily recruited in Andalusia and Murcia, and he hastened to throw his sword in the balance.

Zegri arrived at the foot of Red Mountain a little after the beginning of the action. He discovered an unguarded pathway, climbed the mountain in silence and presented himself in time to save the remnant of the Spanish army.

The destruction of the Moors was complete, nearly all perished. Feri de Benastepar, thanks to the swiftness of his horse, escaped. Zegri next turned his attention to Count d'Aguilar, having been apprised of his fall; he found the noble chief extended, without consciousness, at the foot of a rock. Hassan, who had followed Zegri, dressed the wounds of the heroic warrior, who recovered his senses and recognized his friends.

A smile flitted across d'Aguilar's discolored lips as he learned that Zegri was victorious; he pressed the hand of the prince and murmured in a faint tone:

"To Alhama—save them!"

He closed his eyes, but opening them again he perceived Hamar; he signed him to approach, confessed to him; then calling Zegri, he said:

"Friend, you will console my wife and children; I confide all who are dear to me on earth to your care."

The Moorish prince promised with emotion to watch over them; and Count Alfonso d'Aguilar rendered his soul in peace to God.

Zegri took command of the army. He guarded the body of Count d'Aguilar, in order to carry it to the family of the glorious Spaniard. Not far from the spot was seen the body of Zulphi; the cowardly dervish had received his death wound in the back.

Without losing a moment, the Moorish prince dashed on to Alhama. When about half a league from the city, Zegri commanded a halt. At night, he took two hundred men and left silently; but he had with him a powerful auxiliary, Costirabal, the skilful agent of Count de Tendilla. Zegri proposed to take the place by surprise, fearing that if he attacked it with a strong force, the savage governor would massacre the prisoners.

Costirabal, guided by indications received from Hassan, discovered means to introduce into Alhama Zegri's two hundred men, who took possession of the walls; at the same time the army advanced. The garrison were made prisoners, the governor was thrown from a tower, and the three young girls were happily delivered.

Peace was soon completely re-established in the mountains. Some of the Moors begged permission to retire to Africa with the wreck of their fortune; they obtained this grace, and were furnished with vessels to convey them, each individual being allowed ten ducats for the necessary expenses. The greater number of the remainder became Christians, and those who were inclined to revolt under Philip III. were exiled for life from Spain.

The health of the daughter of Feri was restored. When the country was again tranquil, Zegri and Hassan conducted Amara to the domains of the Moorish prince in the Alpuxarras. Boabdilla, Inez, and all the family of Count d'Aguilar accompanied Amara.

Hamar returned to the monastery of his order, where he had consecrated himself to God and there led the holy life of a religious.

The court was in Barcelona towards the end of the year in which these events occurred. One day, as Ferdinand left his palace accompanied by a crowd of courtiers

and magistrates, a man rushed from behind a door through which the king passed and suddenly struck the monarch with a sword between the neck and the shoulders; the blow was weakened by the golden chain which he habitually wore, or he would have been instantly killed.

Ferdinand was, however, badly wounded, and it was some time before he recovered.

It was supposed that this attempt on the king's life was the result of a conspiracy; the assassin was arrested and every effort was made to discover his accomplices. But the man's only reply was as follows:

"The crown of Spain belongs to me: Ferdinand has usurped it, and unjustly retains it. If I were able to make war on him I would do it, but as he has seduced all my subjects I have been constrained to act alone. I have taken counsel of no one and it is not necessary, since my rights to the throne are evident, and there is nothing more natural than to seek to recover possession of a kingdom of which one has been despoiled contrary to all justice."

Cannamarès was recognized by this

speech. Ferdinand wished to release him without punishment; but his counsellors differed from him. The negro Soliman had the hard duty assigned him of being his friend's executioner.

After the breach of his promise to Ximenès he had been reduced to solicit the office of hangman in order to preserve himself from starvation.

As to Feri de Benastepar, he was never seen again in Spain. His daughter always lived with Zegri's family, and heard nothing of her father. She, with Boabdilla, closed the eyes of the Moorish prince; after his death the two noble friends sought refuge in the cloister and found that peace the world could not give, and there terminated their troubled lives by a happy death.

With their death ended two illustrious Moorish houses. Assuredly, their prayers, their pure and holy lives contributed powerfully to preserve in the bosom of the Church the recently converted Moors. These, seeing the honored daughters of their greatest chiefs give such examples of attachment to the religion of Christ were strengthened in

the love of that law which renders its followers so gentle and fraternal, presenting in every point so striking a contrast to the teachings of Islamism.

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